SATURDAY NIGHT

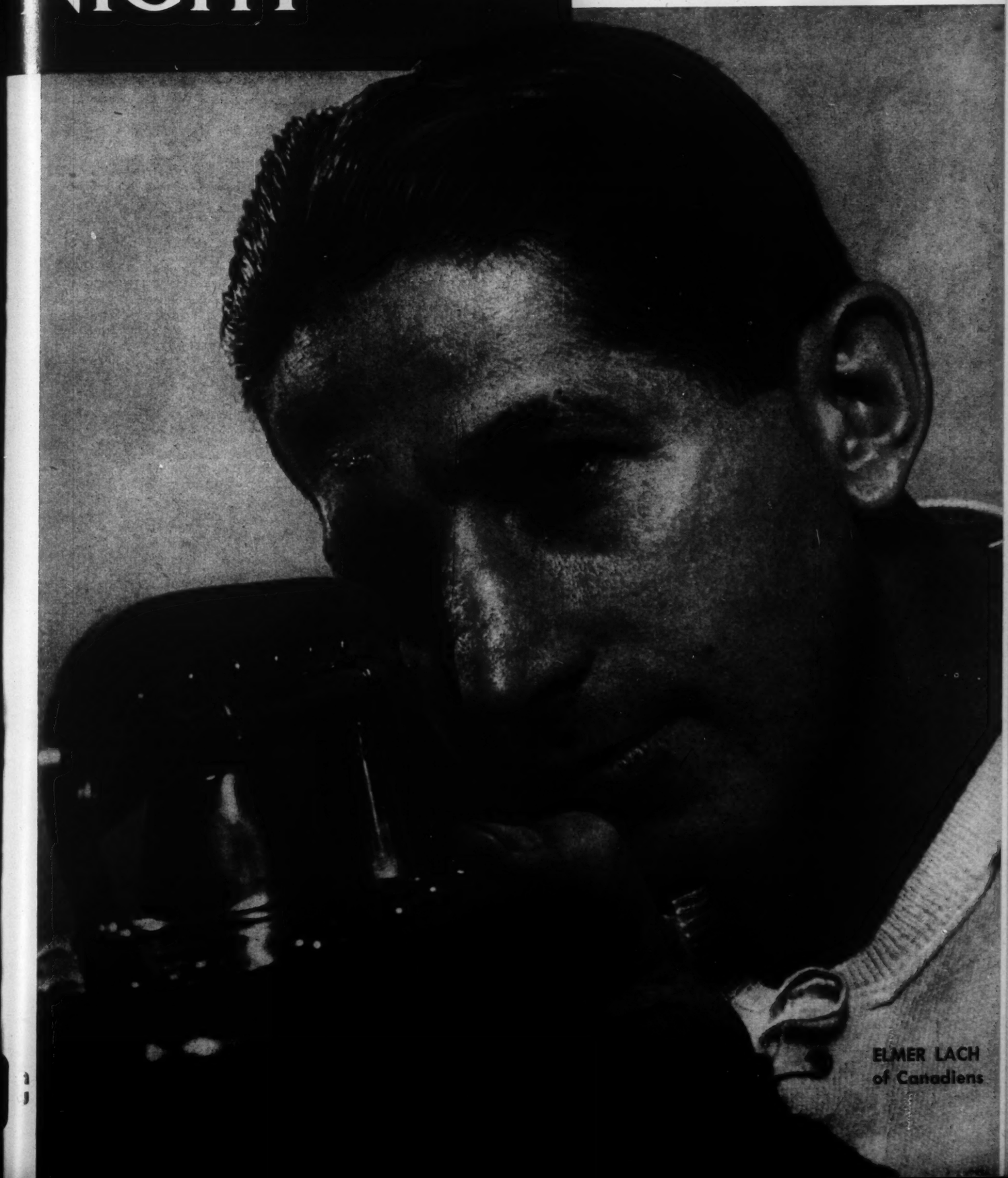
TV: NEW HAZARD FOR POLITICIANS

by L. L. L. Golden

IS THERE A HEX ON ELMER LACH?

by Dink Carroll

MARCH 1, 1952 VOL. 67, NO. 21



ELMER LACH
of Canadiens

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Now, that's a problem, isn't it? You can't give a skating lesson on thin ice, so your trusting five-year-old puts it simply: "Please make the ice thicker, daddy . . ."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Lord Russell on Radio

B. K. SANDWELL is right, "the Pitches are Limited" (S.N., Jan. 19). But that fact did not bring about Bertrand Russell's removal from the radio. Neither was it a matter of freedom of speech but rather the much greater problem of freedom of audience. In Canada the majority have freedom to speak or to listen as they choose; it is only the minority who has neither of these freedoms. If the majority of Canadians had wanted to hear Bertrand Russell, he would not have been removed from the air. Twice the number of "pitches" would only mean twice the number of commentators, comedians, crooners and, on Sundays, clergymen, but still no room for Lord Russell, unfortunate though it is for those of us who belong to the, apparently, very select minority who wish to hear him.

Toronto, Ont. NANCY WALKER

Radio Twist

IF, AS your "Editors Report" (Feb. 2), "Willson Woodside's five children and wife switched radio dials last week and kept getting Mr. Woodside", because he was on two stations simultaneously, why were they switching dials? Don't they like listening to Poppa? The rest of us do.

Ajax, Ont. WODSON WHITESIDE

United Church and Temperance

IN THE Feb. 2 issue I find an editorial on "Abstinence and United Church". Perhaps you will be surprised to find yourself in agreement with the Committee of the Church which has this matter in hand when you say, "Total abstinence never has been, and is not now, mandatory upon Christians." This was definitely stated and apparently received with unanimity in the Committee. To suggest, then, that we are making "total abstinence a basic part of United Church doctrine obligatory upon all" is to misrepresent the movement we are engaged in. It is probably to re-echo the mistake others have made in deriving misinformation from the press rather than the facts from the Committee.

However, you concede that Mr. Berry should be free to persuade others, and when you add to Mr. Berry the decision of the General Council, 1946, the supporting statement of 1946, and the instruction of 1950 that "a campaign of voluntary total abstinence should be promoted in the Church" (Record of Proceedings 1950, page 334) you will appreciate how it comes about that the United Church, not Mr. Berry, is going forward into this campaign of Voluntary Total Abstinence.

I am not going to argue the validity of "moral campaigns" without which the Church would fail to have a very necessary impact upon society and drift into otherworldliness, but I am encouraged to point out that we are not alone in a movement which appears to be an outgrowth of the Christian conception of brotherhood. This is from page 206, Minister's Manual of the Church of Scotland:

"There is one grave social problem with which the Church has wrestled actively for very many years—the problem of drunkenness and the evils to which it leads. Ever since the union of the Churches in 1929 the General Assembly have each year passed unanimously the following deliverance:

'The General Assembly, frankly recognizing and acknowledging Christian liberty of conscience, recommend the adoption and practice of personal abstinence as justified on its own merits and for the sake of others, and as the best method of removing the evils of intemperance.' "

One is further encouraged by the fact that Lambeth Conference has done likewise and that the Roman Catholics have three large organizations at work along similar lines (*see* Vol. 4, Tot. A. B. Freed). Our literature is headed "An Appeal for Voluntary action by United Church People", or as defined by Mr. Berry a "witness for temperance throughout this country that would make clear to the world that the Church means what it says through its Councils."

Ottawa, Ont. (REV.) HUGH M. RAE

Canadian Poets

IN YOUR recent editorial "Tests for Students" you make the following comment: "We should not like to see the time of high-school students taken from the study of the great English poets even to make them acquainted with Lampman and Bliss Carman."

For a great majority of our Canadian youth the high school marks the completion of their academic training. That they should thus venture forth as future citizens of Canada without having an opportunity to become acquainted with the beauty, inspiration and lofty ideals of our outstanding poets, is not only regrettable but a reflection on the lukewarm patriotism of our educational authorities...I am convinced that the reading of our Canadian poets would foster a love for poetry which all the teaching of the English bards has quite evidently failed to accomplish.

Edmonton, Alta. W. T. AIKEN

Montgomery and Connor?

IN YOUR editorial "Tests for Students" you remarked that quite a few freshmen at McGill could not name a Canadian novelist, adding "We do not think that Hugh MacLennan, Mazo de la Roche, Morley Callaghan or T. B. Costain need be much distressed at that. They do not write books directed to youngsters 16-18."

What has happened to L. M. Montgomery and Ralph Connor? Are they so out-of-date or so unimportant that they are not considered worthy of mention? In my high-school days I spent many pleasant hours reading all available works of these two authors. Surely their books have not lost their appeal to adolescents, nor are they so dated that the modern student would find them out of touch with today's world . . .

Willowdale, Ont. MARGARET LADE

SATURDAY NIGHT

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BEHIND THE SCENES

THE NEXT ISSUE: Canadian nationalism, which has manifested itself in a number of ways recently, is discussed thoroughly by GEORGE FERGUSON, Editor of the *Montreal Daily Star*, who provides background material on a movement that has proven of great importance to Canada . . . Both altruistic and practical motives are behind a program of the Life Insurance Officers Association, which has spent more than one million dollars financing medical research since 1926. If people live longer, insurance companies have less to pay in benefits . . . KIM MCILROY sheds some light on the important part the Macdonald Brier (in Winnipeg March 3 to March 8) plays in deciding Canada's top curlers . . . Up to 1937, few people in Canada had heard much about Anticosti Island, but it suddenly leaped into prominence. A story in the Montreal *Gazette* claimed that Nazis were trying to buy this island on Canada's front doorstep, at the entrance to the St. Lawrence. FRANK LOWE tells the flashback story . . . MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE tells of the long campaign put up by women in the past so that modern woman can enjoy the rights and privileges that are hers today.

COVER: ELMER LACH's face shows a few signs of the wear and tear it has received in more than a decade of major league hockey. But it doesn't tell of the hours he's spent in hospital beds with major injuries received on the ice. Broken bones haven't kept him from two league records this year—for total points scored (596 to date) and for number of assists (354 to date). Every year, Elmer threatens to hang up his skates. When he does, Coach Dick Irvin of Canadiens will probably go into mourning. Lach, with Richard and Blake, gave Irvin what he considers hockey's greatest forward line. See Page 9.—*Photo by Richard Arless.*

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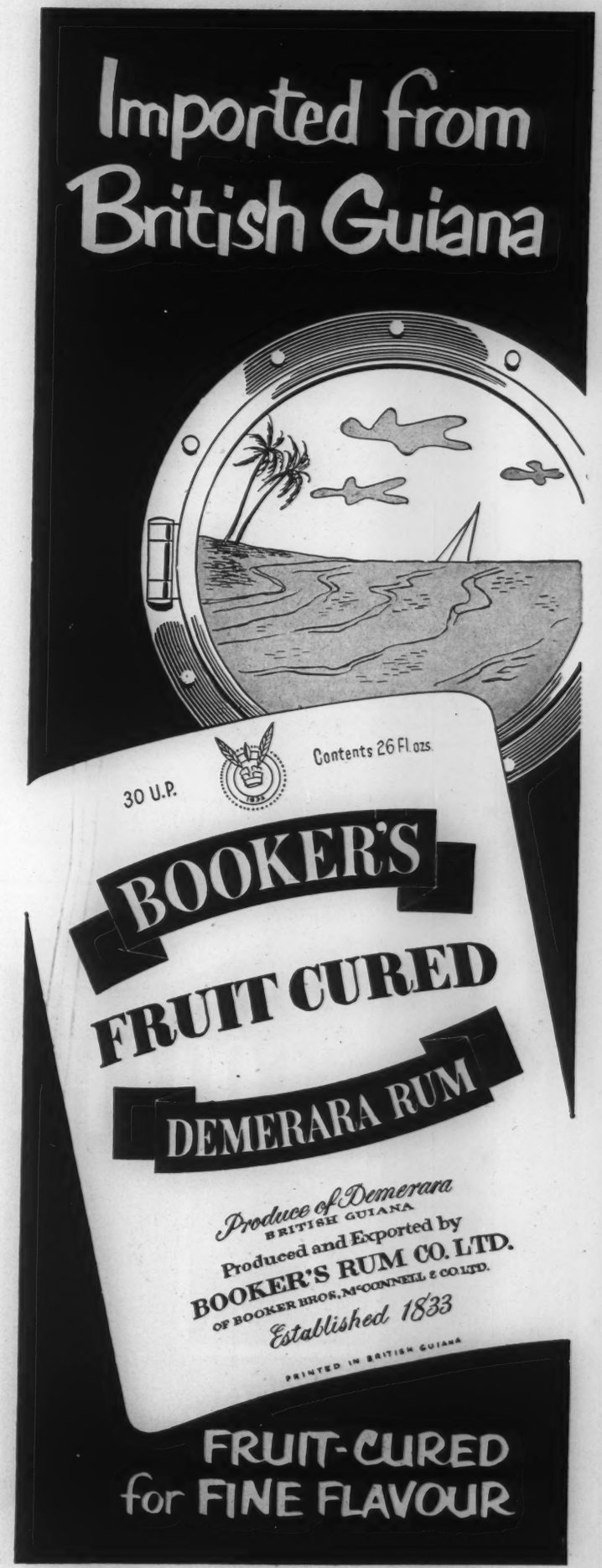

Cornerstones

for communities

Schools, hospitals, playgrounds, parks, roads, sidewalks, waterworks — all these must have a beginning. Usually they are born as proposals at Council meetings, going finally before the people for approval. But even before the first sod is turned and the first stone laid there must be funds.

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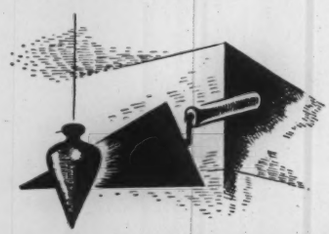

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OTTAWA VIEW

PRAISE FOR THE CONSUMER

by Michael Barkway

WHETHER you feel virtuous or not, the economists are all very pleased with Canadian consumers just now. The Canadian people —and the Americans, too, for that matter—did the right thing last year. In Canada we actually bought no more goods or services for personal use in 1951 than we did in 1950. Our physical standard of living stayed the same.

This is in spite of a very bad start. In the first quarter of last year we were buying far more than usual: in the rest of the year we must have bought considerably less.

Of course we spent more. Personal expenditures were up by 11 per cent (about $1,200 million) in 1951 compared with 1950. But the increase all went on higher prices: we didn't get any more for our money. And we didn't spend as much as we earned. Compared with the 11 per cent increase in expenditure, personal incomes were up by 18 per cent. The difference went in taxes and savings. We paid 38 per cent more in taxes—about which we had no choice. But we also saved twice as much—which was by our own choice.

These figures came out in recent reports from the Dominion Bureau of Statistics and the Bank of Canada. They explain why nobody is keen to make forecasts about this year. Who can guess whether the great body of consumers is going on saving, or whether we are going to start spending our increased incomes again?

Defence and Expansion

THE reason why we did well to keep personal expenditure down is, of course, that we are trying to do so many things in Canada. The sum total of our production last year (what the economists call the "gross national product") increased—physically—by only about 5 or 6 per cent. But both governments and private business have been using far more physical resources for their various expansion programs.

Federal, provincial and municipal spending was up by 22 per cent in physical volume; and most of this was from the junior governments. Private investment in physical terms was up 9 per cent.

There is no sign that either Government expenditure or private investment will be any lower next year. We seem to be in for another year of trying to do almost more than the economy can stand. And in this case, Finance Minister Abbott's plain duty is to try to keep us consumers in a parsimonious frame of mind.

Abbott on Surplus

WHEN Finance Minister Abbott broadcast about his surplus last week he was very wise not to apologize for it. The Federal surplus, though larger than expected, had not been a bad thing, he said; it had been an excellent thing, not just for the Government but for all of us.

For the first time he gave an explanation, which might well have been given earlier, of what had happened to the revenue surplus. $300 million of it went for necessary Government purposes which would otherwise have had to be met by borrowing. Another $300 million went to pay off debt which would otherwise have had to be refunded. So we have been saved $15 to $18 million a year in interest charges. That's a very good thing in itself; and considering what the bond market has been like it's an uncommonly lucky thing the Government didn't have to borrow $500 or $600 million last year.

Triumph for Curtis

THE long-delayed announcement that arrangements have been concluded to supply the Royal Air Force with F86 jet fighters from Canadair's Montreal factory represents a great triumph for the Chief of the Air Staff, Air Marshal Wilfred Curtis.

Only a few years ago he was being violently criticized for adopting the F86 instead of the British "Vampire" jet. His minister, Brooke Claxton, stood by him, and shares in the vindication. Even the British were critical of the Canadian decision at the time. But for well over a year the RAF has been clamoring for F86's from Canada. This is the fighter which everybody wants. It is superior to anything the RAF is flying, and the Canadian squadrons in England are the envy of their British colleagues. As mentioned last week, we are even helping out the Americans by sparing some of Canadair's precious production for them.

Although the RCAF is officially the "junior" of the three services, Air Marshal Curtis is the "senior" of the Chiefs of Staff. He is also the only one of them who has served in all three services. He joined the infantry

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

AIR MARSHAL WILFRED CURTIS

REMINISCENCES OF A SUPER

ACTING WITH THE GREAT SARAH

by B. K. Sandwell

ONE OF the most plausible, if not perhaps one of the best, of my qualifications for being a dramatic critic is the fact that I once acted with Sarah Bernhardt. The theatre in which we played is torn down. The play which we performed is forgotten—it was a highly romantic and poetic drama of blood and agony in an Oriental setting, called "Izeyl". There can be but few left of the audience which saw it, for it was presented at the Grand Opera House in Toronto on April 6, 1896, which is almost 56 years ago. The house was crowded and the applause was tremendous, but I cannot delude myself with the idea that any of it was intended for me.

I was a third-year student in Classics, and when the theatre management let it be known at the University that a few supers who knew a little French could be used and would receive $2 a night a large bunch of us went down to apply. I was among the accepted, and found that my part was quite simple, consisting of only three appearances, all in a crowd. Two of them were silent, and in the third I was to shout "A mort la courtisane!" and give evidences of horror.

This was my first experience in the super business, and I looked forward to hanging around in the wings and watching the lovely Sarah work her magic on the stage. It was bitterly disappointing to find that we were all closely shepherded by the super-master down to the lower recesses of the Grand's sub-basement whenever we were not actually required for the show, and that when we were on the stage we were much too occupied with our "business" to watch anybody except the leader of the mob from whom we got our cues. At the end of the evening I therefore transferred my stage-door ticket to a fellow-student who had not turned up at rehearsal in time to get called for a job, and who was only too delighted to take over my responsibilities.

I should add that we were expected to rehearse and play in three different shows and were not to be paid until the end of the engagement. I was more concerned about seeing Sarah act than about playing myself or collecting $2 a night, so the second night I paid my way into the "gods" and saw Sardou's "Gismonda", a much better play though not one that is likely to be revived in these days when the artifices of play construction are little esteemed.

If, however, I saw little of Sarah's acting myself playing in the show, I saw a good deal of the famous Bernhardt temperament and received an invaluable lesson in the art of economizing energy. Her rage, after the curtain came down, at the unfortunate electrician responsible for some change in the lighting was terrifying. But even more interesting was the manner in which she relaxed—after keeping every muscle under iron control so long as the audience could see her—and let herself go limp, even for the minute or less between the fall of the curtain and the raising of it for taking a recall. She was already 52, and used a heavy make-up which at close quarters was far from beautiful, and she got very little of her effects by delicate facial expression; the grand gesture, the sweeping movement of the body, and above all the exquisite modulation of the voice were the chief tools of her art.

She was almost always hard up, and was accustomed to playing long seasons of eight performances a week in tours that took her all over Europe and the Americas, including many places where travelling was not luxurious. The plays of those days were written to exploit the star, and her parts were often of terrific length, requiring almost as much output of energy as a Wagnerian opera role; and she had learned never to make a move, and never to exert a muscle to maintain a pose, if the move or the pose was not necessary for her effects.

I SAW her many times after that, including one extraordinary occasion in London when she played in "Pélléas et Mélisande" with Mrs. Patrick Campbell. The performance was not as memorable as one would expect, for the styles of the two actresses did not blend at all well, and the production was not as well stage-managed as it should have been; probably it could not have been with two such contrasted personalities. The finest performance I ever saw her give was in Rostand's "L'Aiglon", which besides being admirably suited to her acting style (as Maeterlinck's writing was not) was also very fine poetry, exquisitely delivered. But another superb performance was her "Phèdre" which she gave in Montreal as the last item of a week the rest of which was devoted to contemporary French drama.

All the works of the latter class were violently condemned by the local clergy, and were consequently attended only by the English-speaking public and that section of French Montreal which is not greatly influenced by clerical interdicts in matters of art. But on Saturday night, when the interdict was lifted, the Théatre Français held such a gathering of the old French families of Montreal as had never been seen within its walls and was never to be seen there again.

The relations between Sarah and the French theatre-going public of the Province of Quebec were never entirely affectionate, for on her first visit Sarah was greatly annoyed by the attitude of the clergy towards her repertoire, which included "Adrienne Lecouvreur", and towards her decision (or that of her American management) to give two performances on Christmas day in Montreal. She was not really forgiven until close to the end of her career.

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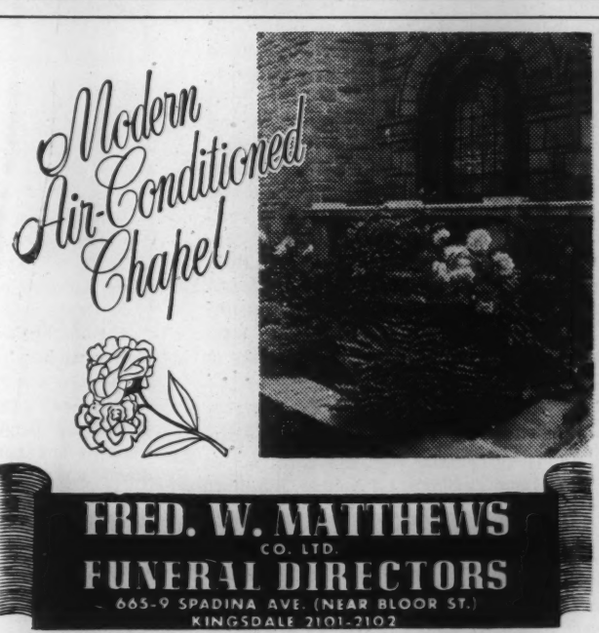

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EDITORIALS

Pride of Provinces and Tax Rentals

WITHIN the near future Mr. Frost of Ontario and M. Duplessis of Quebec will have to decide whether they are going to bring their provinces into the new federal-provincial tax agreements. Ontario and Quebec were the only provinces to stay out of the five-year agreements which are now about to expire, and an article on Page 21 provides an assessment of what they have lost.

In financial terms Quebec's loss was much greater than Ontario's, because Quebec's tax potential is much lower than Ontario's. But Ontario also has lost revenue through Mr. Drew's stand of independence in 1947. Not even corporation income tax at 7 per cent (while all the eight "agreeing" provinces were levying only 5 per cent), coupled with other irksome corporation levies, sufficed to match the revenues which the federal rental payments would have provided.

Ontario, but not Quebec, could have increased its revenues above the federal payments if it had elected to collect personal income taxes. But no province has taken up the federal offer of 1946 to refund income tax paid to a province up to 5 per cent of the federal tax. The offer could be withdrawn at any time. But even if it stands, it does not make sense at this stage in history for Ontario or any other province to try to establish the skilled administrative machinery required to collect personal income tax.

If Mr. Frost abandons this thought, as we feel sure he should, then the financial case for keeping Ontario out of the federal-provincial agreements is difficult to see. The new federal offer would give Ontario an assured income for the next five years in excess of anything that Queen's Park is likely to raise at the present level of taxes. The same thing is even more transparently true of Quebec. Surely it would be folly to ask Ontario and Quebec taxpayers to submit to yet higher provincial taxes merely for the pleasure of paying their money to the province rather than to Ottawa.

Critics and The Surplus

THE PATH of financial rectitude ought not to be turned into a political booby-trap. But much of the current criticism of Mr. Abbott's surplus is an invitation to financial irresponsibility.

Some of the criticism seems to be a deliberate attempt to make political capital out of public ignorance. Some newspaper writers and some politicians are using their own megaphones to magnify the voice of public confusion.

The first foolish charge is that Mr. Abbott and his experts ought to have known that their budget proposals last year would produce a surplus of the present size. The critics, who now enjoy the wisdom of hindsight, pretend to be amazed that any estimate made last spring could be out by as much as 15 per cent. But there is nothing surprising or reprehensible about this.

Half of the surplus comes from Mr. Abbott's underestimation of revenues. He did not foresee that the level of personal incomes, and especially of corporation profits, would reach the very high levels which were maintained through 1951. Neither, we feel pretty sure, did anyone else. Moreover even if, last April, Mr. Abbott had some hope that the gross national product would exceed his forecast by 6 per cent, as it did, he would have had no justification for budgeting on this basis. National finances are not to be conducted on the basis of the most optimistic guess, least of all in times like these when any Government deficit must be seriously inflationary.

The other half of the current surplus comes from under-spending by the defence departments. There are various reasons for this. One is the delay resulting from continual changes and modifications in designs. Another is the slowness in delivering weapons and parts from abroad. A third is, no doubt, an over-optimistic appraisal last spring of what could be accomplished in 12 months. None of these is Mr. Abbott's fault.

Instead of complaining about the double error which has thus created this year's surplus, we should be thankful that revenues do exceed expectations.

We must particularly hope that Mr. Abbott's political courage will protect him from the temptation to be swayed by all this criticism. He is unlikely, we feel sure, to budget deliberately for a concealed surplus this year. The danger is that he may be influenced enough by all the evidence of public misunderstanding to be over-optimistic in his forecasts for this budget. If he did yield to this temptation it might be politically understandable; but it would be economically indefensible.

Coming Out for the New Period

Norman Douglas

A GOOD CASE can be made for the proposition that Norman Douglas was the last of the great English novelists. "South Wind" appeared in 1917, and in that period was naturally slow in making its way into general recognition. It is a book about modern people, but it is not a modern book. The author himself was not a part of the decadence which he described. He was a very sane and wise 19th century mind, looking at a society which was already showing signs of the decadence which has since progressed so much further, and looking at it with a complete moral tolerance but a prophetic sense of the disaster towards which it was heading.

Norman Douglas had a good deal in common with Anatole France, including great urbanity, an intense dislike for vulgarity, a highly polished but undemonstrative style, and a lively wit. Like France, he was a pagan to the extent that his mind was influenced more by Greece than by Judaea, but the whole tradition of the Renaissance was in him. He was a civilized man writing of a Western World which in his formative period was still itself civilized but in peril of losing its civilization.

Marriage Postponed

IT WAS NEVER reasonable to suppose that the courtship of France and Germany would be a smooth one. Marianne is a cultured lady, but a bit past her prime. Hans is a husky fellow and somewhat crude. And their families have not been speaking for a long, long time. Come to think of it, it is remarkable that they ever got near the altar at all, and a tribute to the tactful management of Uncle Robert and Uncle Konrad. It is too soon to say that the marriage is off, but it looks as if it will be postponed for a good while.

Two views of what happened are current. One holds that things had been going deceptively well, that the high purpose and dedicated Europeanism

of Schuman and Adenauer concealed popular prejudice and ignorance which had to have their day, sooner or later. The other view is that the break-up was entirely avoidable and due to rather stupid actions by either side. The unannounced French action raising M. Grandval from High Commissioner to Ambassador to the Saar jabbed Germany in a very sensitive spot: this undoubtedly looked like a further French move to prejudice the future of this important industrial province in advance of the peace treaty. The simultaneous action of the Bonn delegate to the European Army conference in Paris in bringing up the question of German membership in the Atlantic Treaty seemed to most people on the Allied side to be pushing things too hard.

Such things could have been avoided or handled in a better way. Yet the unreasonable reaction which they set up in the press and parliaments of both countries gives weight to the first view, that the leaders had gotten ahead of their public. Just the Schuman Plan, for pooling French and German and other Western European coal and steel production, was a big enough step for the time being. It would have been well if the French and German people could have been given a year or two to digest it. But the defence crisis presses, so the European Army plan has been slammed right on top of the Schuman Plan. Logically, the French people ought to have been delighted that the Germans wanted to join the Atlantic Pact. For if they fear—as some say they do—that the Germans may dominate a European Army without Britain in it, then here was a way to balance the Germans with not only Britain but the United States. Our people should have been glad, too, that Germany wanted to come in with full membership on our side. Haven't we spent billions in aid and risked war over the Berlin airlift to keep her from running off with the Soviets or the Soviets from running off with her? Both the Germans and the French ought to see that their rivalry over the Saar can only be solved within the European community they have been trying to build.

Ryerson Needs More Space

IN ONE of the most congested areas of mid-town Toronto stands a statue of Egerton Ryerson, the forthright educational giant who created Ontario's school system. Behind it sprawls the century-old model and normal school for teacher training in Ryerson's set-up. Jammed on the small campus are nine temporary buildings, built by the Air Force in 1940 for ground training for aircrew. Those buildings have only scrap value; the old normal school is dull and long past proper repair. But in spite of plant handicaps, a rather remarkable school carries on around Dr. Ryerson's statue. It is the Ryerson Institute of Technology, a junior college that offers training for those occupations that require two or three years' instruction beyond the level of secondary school.

In 1948 the daytime enrolment was 200, and in 1951, 1,120. Night school enrolment now stands at 2,650. Ryerson Institute seems to be increasingly popular with young people and with a score of industries served by it—electrical and radio, mechanical and industrial, graphic arts, jewellery, furniture, food, and building construction. One large aircraft manufacturer has promised to take all the graduates he can get from Ryerson. Forty-two CBC technicians are going there from all over Canada to study TV. Every province is represented; 74 per cent of all students enrolled come from centres outside Toronto.

Nowadays university presidents are asking that greater attention be paid the liberal arts and that universities never forget their purpose in the humanities. (Newman's Idea of a University still seems to be a fairly good educational road map.) So universities must look twice before adding degree courses in things like hotel-management or radio-station operation. And so the value of the junior technical college like Ryerson Institute takes on a new importance. Already the Institute is offering instruction for over 300 university students enrolled in Occupational and Physio-Therapy Courses and Institutional Management Courses.

New courses are being added to Ryerson each year but there is no room to grow. The Government of Ontario, which owns the Institute, should be preparing for the school's future—picking a site preferably on the outskirts of the city and planning an adequate plant. We hope that when the Institute people move to that new location they take Dr. Ryerson's statue with them.

—NFB

ARTHUR IRWIN

National Film Commissioner

WHEN Mr. Arthur Irwin left *Maclean's* Magazine just over two years ago to take over the National Film Board, his appointment aroused great public interest. When it was announced recently that his two-year appointment had been extended indefinitely, no one paid any attention.

The change is a tribute to Mr. Irwin's accomplishments. It reflects the fact that two years ago the Film Board was "news" not because of its films but because of rather general doubts about its efficiency. Now the Film Board only gets into the news, it seems, through flattering reviews of its productions.

The public flurry of two years ago was largely based on allegations that the Film Board was harboring Communists and was too bad a security risk to make secret films. But the more serious and significant complaint was that it was a badly organized unit, suffering from all the waste and inefficiency which goes with bad organization. The Communist scare was Mr. Irwin's first worry, and it was one of the quickest and most easily solved. The real effort of these last two years has been the unspectacular and unexciting grind of trying to establish a more efficient organization.

With a new and vigorous Board behind him, Mr. Irwin has won the confidence of his staff and has brought much better order into the Film Board's operations. The degree of enthusiasm and artistic pride which went into the production of "Royal Journey" shows that the NFB has lost none of its professional skills; and it is good that Mr. Irwin is continuing the difficult job of bringing artistic effort into the harness of good management without throttling it.

A Prophetic Verse

LONG BEFORE he became a member of the staff of SATURDAY NIGHT, the present editor emeritus contributed to this weekly a set of epigrams, one of which seems worthy of reprinting on account of its slightly prophetic quality at this moment when the Right Hon. Vincent Massey is settling the viceregal mantle about his shoulders and grasping the viceregal sceptre in his expressive hand.

It was written at the time when the Canadian Parliament was memorializing the Crown to grant no more titles of distinction to subjects resident in Canadian territory, and it read:

> Let the Old World, where rank's yet vital,
> Part those who have, and have not, title.
> Here we have no such social classes—
> Only the masses and the Masseys.

Galt's Proud School

GALT COLLEGIATE, one of the few institutions which in its own history has bridged the wide gap between the early grammar school and the modern combined Collegiate and Vocational School, is celebrating its centenary. In all its years the Collegiate has striven to blend its proud traditions with modern methods just as in architecture it has kept its distinctive appearance while expanding in size. In fact, Galt believes, and there are people outside Galt who share the belief, that the old stone Scottish baronial building is Ontario's most attractive secondary school building.

But the Galt Collegiate is a good example of the fact that outstanding teachers are more important to the success of a school than the buildings no matter how beautiful they may be.

The famous Dr. William Tassie, principal from 1853 to 1881, made his grammar school so famous that students came from all over Canada and even from the United States. It rivalled Upper Canada College for educational leadership and reached the point where 80 per cent of the enrolment came from outside Galt.

The assembly hall is named after the stern old doctor who made the school so famous and who supervised the building of the first section of the present Collegiate on a lofty site on top of CPR Hill.

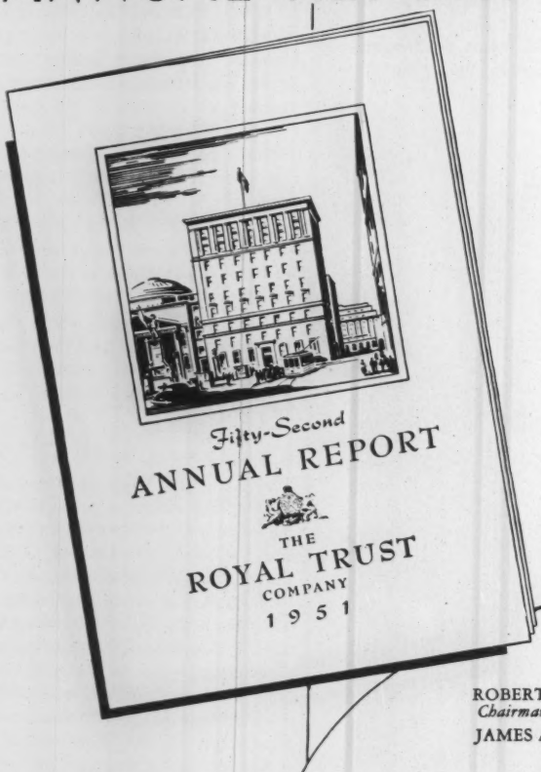
No one school building in Canada has witnessed a wider departure in subjects taught than the Galt Collegiate. Dr. Tassie was strong in the classical tradition. Now five workshops provide material for training students in all types of mechanical work.

Galt Collegiate has good reason to cherish the past. It is to be hoped that in the teaching of English it will remember both Dr. Tassie and the recent report of Dr. Sidney Smith on the deplorable state of English knowledge among collegiate graduates.

It should also remember its proud list of graduates. Outstanding in this list was the late Dr. H. J. Cody who in graduating won the Prince of Wales scholarship and started from Galt on his distinguished career as a leader in religion and education.

EXECUTORS AND TRUSTEES FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY

52nd ANNUAL REPORT



THE FIGURES shown below—condensed from our Annual Report for 1951—tell the story of the increase in our business during the year, and indicate the strength of our financial position.

Behind these cold statistics are the invisible assets of warm personal relations with our clients and the knowledge and experience gained in over fifty years of service to individuals and corporations.

	1951	1950
EARNINGS	$5,340,000	$4,739,000
EXPENSES	4,176,000	3,676,000
PROFIT	1,164,000	1,063,000
TAXES	525,000	391,000
NET PROFIT	639,000	672,000
DIVIDENDS	430,000	410,000

CAPITAL, RESERVE AND SURPLUS
$8,554,000

ASSETS UNDER ADMINISTRATION
$1,083,000,000

A copy of our Annual Report will be sent gladly upon request. Write or telephone Head Office or any branch.

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—Wide World

TELEVISION interviews with President reveal his essential ordinariness but also his quality of earnestness, of trying to do a job and of constant plugging away.

A PROBLEM OF APPEARANCE

TV: NEW HAZARD FOR POLITICIANS

by L. L. L. Golden

New York.

THESE are tough days for the American politician running for major office. He has to guess what Stalin is thinking; understand the mores of the peoples of China; see through the Iron Curtain; count in billions of dollars; figure when inflation may become deflation; take hold of the concept of global military strategy. And that in addition to keeping the ward worker happy and remembering to kiss the right babies.

But before he can run the tough course successfully he has another, new and hazardous, obstacle: television. For TV is now a major factor in American politics and it takes far more than a blue shirt and pancake makeup to look good to the millions who take their political meetings in the living room with a can of beer at hand.

Canadian politicians have no TV worries—yet. But they will have when the CBC finally gets rolling in television. For just as radio has been a factor for many years in election campaigns, so will television in Canada, with a big difference. The good, warm, friendly voice was enough for radio. The rest was left to the imagination of the voter. But with TV the voice is but one factor. The politician's general appearance, his poise, his whole personality show on TV, and as the years go on the man who looks like a phony on television will be better off not running at all.

The politician who thinks he can get in front of the television cameras, read a speech his favorite ghost has written for him, and get away with it, is starting with two strikes on him. Nor will he get by if he takes voice lessons and memorizes his speeches. He has to do far more than that for the voter gets a closer and clearer picture of the candidate running for office by looking at his TV set than he could at any political meeting, no matter how close the voter got to the platform.

The pretty-pretty politician with a profile like the late John Barrymore is not going to get much further than his pal who is as ugly as sin. For TV has a way of getting into the character of a man far more than any other medium yet used to reach millions of voters. So far, as one of the top experts in mass communications told me, perhaps hopefully: there will never be another phony elected President of the United States. Wishful thinking as that statement may be, TV has so far been able to bring out the character of a candidate far better than anything else. And the roving cameras and their crews have just begun to get going.

TV already provides another offset to the written word of the editors and the sweet tones of the candidates coming through your radio sets. It is going to be very much harder to stick a label on a man and will make the work of the party propagandist more difficult than it has ever been. The press can interpret till it is blue in the face; can paint a man black as Satan or innocent as an angel; then have the whole mental picture kicked through the window by the citizens taking a long look at the candidate himself on television.

The late President Roosevelt made radio, with his fireside chats, his very own. He had the jump on all others. For he came over as the kindly, warm, reasonable man who was always in the little fellow's corner. Others who did not have his marvelous voice were left way, way behind. Who will be the Roosevelt of television remains to be seen, but the politician who can really master this new medium is going to be tough to beat.

PRESIDENT Truman on TV loses a great deal. But the essential ordinariness of the man who upset the apple cart in November of '48 comes through clearly on TV. He stumbles, and sometimes bumbles. But he still has a quality on TV which, should he run again, will be helpful.

Senator Taft, who has great big horns and a hooked tail to many Americans, looks like a very decent soul on TV. He has given up his rimless glasses for colorless horn-rimmed ones and the other night took them off altogether. That, plus signs of a sense of humor, is going to make it much harder for his opponents to keep him black.

—International

KEFAUVER acknowledges Democratic nomination. He is known to voters by televised investigations.

General Eisenhower, in his TV appearances so far, gives off real warmth and leaves the impression of a friendly, kind, decent citizen who speaks frankly, honestly. He has the kind of face that should mean votes if he's nominated.

And Harold Stassen, another candidate for the Republican nomination, used TV to declare himself a candidate. He did not give the impression of being all wool and a yard wide, and the first comments were that Stassen wasn't coming through very well. Yet in the newspaper reports of his announcement of policies he didn't look bad at all.

Senator Estes Kefauver, who is, at this time of writing, the only announced Democratic candidate for the Presidential nomination, owes his even being considered at all to television. The televised hearings of the Senate investigation into big-time crime and big cities' political machines which he chaired, made him a national figure at once. Here was the good Galahad, sitting upright, the picture of judicial decency, exposing the machinations of the criminals. Had there been no TV he would not only have never been so well known, but the public would have barely recognized him.

The same hearings took a lawyer in his late thirties and made him the darling of those who favored the good as against the bad boys, the Costellos *et al.* Rudolph Halley, counsel to the Kefauver Senate Committee, was not even known to his own profession. He was an obscure lawyer who overnight became the TV viewers' white knight. He was able, because of that, and the use of television in his campaign, to get himself elected to the Presidency of New York City's City Council. And that against a solid Tammany man with all Tammany's organization and favors dispensed.

Of the big names, however, the man who first made use of TV properly was Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York. Despite his defeat by Harry Truman in 1948, despite his reputation for being stiff and formal and cold, he won re-election in New York State as Governor in 1950 and raised his reputation with the voters tremendously.

Governor Dewey did not sit in front of a camera and read a manuscript. He did not memorize his speeches. What he did do was new to TV and it

CONTINUED ON PAGE 17

WINDSOR HOSPITAL: TOT'S MAGICLAND

Determined children in Red Cross Hospital are winning fight against cerebral palsy

by Max Braithwaite

POLIO victim Penny Gascoigne takes treatment in Workshop pool, donated by Windsor Rotary Club. Nurse Melanie Panczyk guides her movements.

OCCUPATIONAL therapy treatment on specially constructed loom benefits Mrs. John Ryves. Miss Jane Clare, OTR, supervises intricate pattern.

WALKING exercises on special skis are part of the training program that has completely cured Gail Shanfield, whose leg muscles would not work.

SCHOOL at the Workshop offers the same curriculum as any other. Cerebral-palsy children, explains Miss Marjorie Box, are unable to control muscles but only in rare cases in there any effect on the intelligence.

WHEN I FIRST walked into the room and saw those kids it was like being hit between the eyes with a hammer. They were sitting at little toy chairs in a semi-circle having school. Some of them were strapped into their chairs so that they wouldn't fall out and hurt themselves.

I was doing a quick tour of the Red Cross Curative Workshop in Windsor. My guide, Miss Dorothy Meuser, head physiotherapist of the workshop, had taken me through all the rooms. She'd shown me the carpentry shop where patients recovering from polio or any other calamity that incapacitates nerves and muscles can make useful articles while getting needed exercise. And she'd shown me the weaving room where patients get foot and finger exercise while learning a useful hobby.

She'd shown me the physiotherapy rooms. The walking room where people learn to climb steps all over again and to walk in a straight line . . . the restricted exercise room filled with fascinating gadgets like the rowing machine and the shoulder wheel . . . and the treatment room with all sorts of machines for stimulating nerves and muscles and the hot wax bath and so on.

I had been greatly impressed with the equipment and the appearance of this shiny new building and the obvious efficiency of the staff, but that was all. To me these were just a lot of tricky gadgets employed to cure a lot of conditions I couldn't even pronounce. I hadn't associated them with little kids . . . like my four at home.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

IS THERE A HEX ON ELMER LACH?

"Evergreen Elmer" is a fitting name for a player who bounces back again from the injuries Lach has suffered

HELMET was a gadget Elmer dreamed up to protect his broken jaw in 1948-49 Stanley Cup semi-finals. But it failed to win NHL President's nod.

DISCONSOLATE Lach surveys world with a jaundiced eye and a broken jaw, as he sits game out.

by Dink Carroll

THE BIG STORY of the first half of the current National Hockey League season was not the appearance of a flashy new recruit, nor of the work of such reigning super-stars as Maurice (The Rocket) Richard or Gordie Howe. The big story was Elmer Lach, a guy they all said was through and who wasn't sure himself before the season started that what they were saying wasn't true. But at the end of the first half of the schedule, the much-injured 34-year-old Lach was leading the league in scoring points, and was the talk of the circuit.

Every year, for the last four or five years, Elmer has been going to retire. He usually makes the announcement at the end of the lengthy season when he has played himself into complete exhaustion. Last Christmas a reporter visited him in the smart new home he has built for himself and his family in Notre Dame de Grace in the west end of Montreal. The reporter asked him how long he thought he could keep going.

"This is the last year, I think," he said.

"Oh, you're always retiring," his wife said. "You'd better not say anything until you're out of it."

Mrs. Lach, formerly Kay Fletcher of Moose Jaw, wishes he would retire. She has kept too many hospital vigils when Elmer was under the ether as a result of hockey injuries to feel comfortable about his career on the ice. Facial cuts, severed arteries, fractured fingers and toes, torn ligaments, charley-horses and pulled muscles are the lot of most hockey players, but Elmer has suffered all those and many major ones besides.

Before he became the spectacular centre of Canadiens' famed "Punch Line," he had already fractured his wrist and his elbow. One of the most amazing things about him is that he has what is known in the trade as a "rubber" elbow. This is in his left arm and it was thought for a time that it would seriously hamper his shooting. Maybe it did, but it didn't prevent him from finishing well up in the scoring race each year, or from topping the list at the end of the 1947-48 season.

Elmer, whose summer passion is golf, shoots steadily in the 70s, even with his ersatz elbow.

Down through the years he has sustained a fractured skull, a broken cheekbone and two broken jaws, though he says grimly that it was only one broken jaw; he had the same one broken twice. The skull fracture came in a game between the Toronto Maple Leafs and Canadiens in February, 1947, in the Montreal Forum. Don Metz rushed across the rink and nailed him with a heavy check that crashed him to the ice. His only movement was the spasmodic jerking of his legs. They hurried him to the hospital, where the serious nature of the injury was determined.

There was a good deal of speculation as to whether he would ever be able to play again, but he was back in uniform the following October and enjoyed one of his greatest seasons. After a slow start, he came on fast in the second half of the schedule to nose out Buddy O'Connor by a single point for the individual scoring leadership.

IN A GAME against the Chicago Black Hawks in December, 1948, he stumbled and fell while carrying the puck in on the Chicago defence and once more lay prone on the ice. With the help of his teammates and Ernie Cook, Canadiens' trainer, he was lifted to his feet and, under his own power, made for the clinic in the Forum. In the passageway to the clinic he collapsed.

Ernie Cook said later that Elmer knew his jaw was broken; he knew the feeling because he'd suffered a fractured cheekbone three seasons earlier.

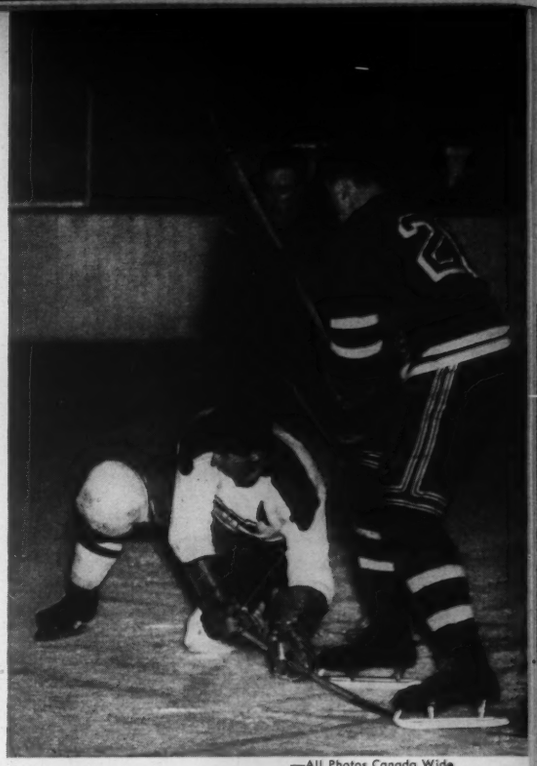
The last game of the 1948-49 season between the Red Wings and Canadiens at Detroit was as rough and tough as they come. Elmer was banged on the chin by a Detroit player's elbow, and given a severe going-over. He didn't say much about it, probably because he was eager to play in the Stanley Cup semi-final series which started in Detroit two nights later. Early in that first game he collided with Jack Stewart and fell to the ice.

When he got up his whole expression was one of utter disgust and weariness. He seemed to know then that his jaw was broken again. He left the ice and didn't even stop at the bench, continuing right on to the dressing room. The writer still has a mental picture of Elmer standing at the foot of the elevators in the Detroit-Leland Hotel next day. He had two black eyes, there was a cut running from the corner of one of them, and he had another broken jaw, though he wasn't sure of it then. He hadn't shaved, for the very good reason that his face was too sore to bear the weight of a razor.

The elevator reached the ground floor and the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

DINK CARROLL *is Sports Editor of* The Gazette, *Montreal.*



—All Photos Canada Wide

LACH has genius for predicaments (above), but never complained of injury purposely caused.

THE MAYOR WHO GOES IN FOR COLOR

by J. K. Nesbitt

Claude Harrison sports a blue cape, he's fond of green growing things; he's bound to brighten up Victoria

VICTORIA'S new Mayor, Claude Harrison, walks the streets of British Columbia's capital wrapped in a navy blue, silk-lined cape, hatless, a diamond flashing on his wedding finger.

He's a character in his own right, this fourth native son of Victoria's 38 chief magistrates to be his city's Mayor in a 90-year history.

A lawyer, he's typically gruff in court, fierce in his determination to get things his way, gruelling in prosecution. Underneath is a large, kindly streak. Often an impish look comes over His Worship's face, as he takes off his black-rimmed glasses, looks right at you with blue eyes that seem innocent and child-like.

For 40 years Claude Harrison was Victoria city police prosecutor. As he neared retirement age of 65 last autumn, he decided he'd have to have something to do, that Victoria was in bad shape financially. He fitted the two problems together, became convinced he was the man for the Mayor's job. Of four candidates in a spirited election, he won the mayoralty by 800 votes. Everyone was surprised—even Claude Harrison.

He had conducted a flamboyant campaign for the two-year term. "I will cut out uncertainties and useless expenditures," he cried. "Victoria will get its due—it has been brushed aside and trampled upon long enough, always at the expense of the taxpayer." He threatened to go to Ottawa, demanding Victoria's right; said that if the city wouldn't pay his travelling expenses he'd pay his own.

Harrison threw modesty aside sent out vote-catching pamphlets to the voters: "I will be as firm, fair and fearless as I have in my past service. I am against all secret meetings of the Council, or committees, or police commissioners."

The morning of Jan. 1 he drove to Victoria's ancient, clock-tower City Hall, parked his 1951 Packard, threw his blue cape jauntily over his shoulders and stood at the head of the receiving line at the New Year's Day reception.

Next day he took over the Mayor's office from retiring Percy George. He started preparing his inaugural address. He says he discovered all his worries to be well founded. He told his Council, thereby shocking Victoria: "I am sorry to say I feel we are bound to face eventual bankruptcy."

City Controller Henry Watson got up, agreed with the new Mayor. The controller said: "I am not very happy with the trend our financial affairs have taken in the last three years."

City Auditor Pat Dunn likewise climbed on Victoria's band wagon of financial gloom. Said Dunn: "Now is the time for the city to be frugal. The headaches we suffer in bad times are contracted in good times."

His blue cape over his shoulders in wind and rain, the Mayor looks calm enough about what he says are Victoria's financial nightmares.

"An overcoat's too heavy and too hot for Victoria, even in winter." Thus he dismisses his sartorial oddity.

But Mayor Harrison in the blue cape is bound to become quite as famous as Victoria's hanging flower baskets. As tourists used to take pictures of policemen in English bobby uniforms, so they'll probably want His Worship to pose in blue cape on City Hall steps. Should the Mayor pose, he'll tell the visitors capes are always stylish, economical too, though he's by no means poor—that he has had only three capes in 40 years.

As to going hatless, Mayor Harrison gives this explanation: "Hats give me a bit of a headache — it's healthier to get your head wet than to get a headache."

Though a resident of Victoria all his life, Mayor Harrison was comparatively unknown, except in the courts. So, as soon as he was elected to the city's top job, surprised reporters flooded to him to find out all about the new Mayor.

Abrupt in manner, his clipped speech sometimes hard to follow, His Worship snorted: "I don't think it's important who you are—it's what you do that's important."

No, he doesn't often use a walking stick, but he has one that once belonged to King Edward VII. No, he wouldn't tell the story."I never tell it, for some reason, which I don't know myself," said His Worship. "No mystery—nothing dishonest—I just never tell it—sometime, perhaps—"

For years in Victoria there has been talk that a new City Hall is a pressing need. Victorians say they're ashamed of their old City Hall, so rickety now that bricks sometimes fall off, threatening to slay innocent passers-by in the streets. But Mayor Harrison is quite satisfied with the 73-year-old seat of civic government.

"A beautiful piece of graceful old architecture—an old-world touch," he says. "I'm very much against this modern architecture—buildings that look like match boxes, ice-cream cones and beer barrels—such monstrosities have no place in Victoria—this is not California, nor Ontario."

MAYOR HARRISON loves the outdoors as many men and women love a religion. Indeed, the outdoors is a religion to him—and his only hobby. He finds peace and solace—and ideas—in the wide open spaces of Vancouver Island. He owns hundreds of acres of the Malahat, has a fine house far above the waters of Saanich Inlet, with a view of the Gulf of Georgia and its islands, of the distant, snow-capped Olympic Mountains in the State of Washington. He owns hundreds of acres more of wilderness complete with lakes and streams, in the rugged Hills of Sooke. He lives at Malahat, 20 miles from Victoria most of the year, but in winter he and his wife (there are no children) are at home in exclusive Uplands district, not in Victoria proper, but in the Oak Bay municipality.

Mostly Harrison spends his time alone in the woods, though he's a fine host, and the perfect conversationalist when he talks about Nature. But, by himself, in the woods, he's never lonely, he says, with Nature all around.

"When you're alone you can think," he says. "Good company's very splendid, now and then, but when you're in company, no matter how good, you really can't think. There's too lit-

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—Bill Halkett

MAYOR'S blue cape sets him apart from fellow citizens, gives him a flamboyant appearance. Actually, he is more conservative than his dress indicates.

J. K. NESBITT *is a member of the BC legislature press gallery.*

—Wide World

HOW THE EXECUTION was done is shown in Washington by Polish witness, hooded to protect family. Ammunition used at Katyn was actually German.

WORLD AFFAIRS

LAST TRAIN TO KATYN

by Willson Woodside

I HAVE ALWAYS looked upon Colonel Jerzy Grobicki with a certain awe, as a man who was alive when he ought properly to be dead. He was on the last train to Katyn Forest, where the Polish officers were massacred, in May 1940, when the train was suddenly stopped at a junction point and to the confusion of the Soviet guards, switched on to a different line.

He thinks it had suddenly occurred to Stalin or Beria that it might prove inconvenient at some future time if they couldn't produce *any* Polish officers at all. If they had even a few to bring forward, they could claim that the others had died of illness, or escaped, or what-not. And that is, in fact, what the Soviets did say had happened to them, when they were suddenly in demand the following year. It was not until after the Germans had uncovered the graves to the world on April 13, 1943, that the Soviets asserted that the Polish prisoners had been left behind at Smolensk in the retreat of 1941, and were murdered by the Germans.

PERHAPS 99 per cent of the Allied world believed this version at that time. The Nazis were too obviously trying to split the Allied coalition by accusing the Soviets of the crime. Goebbels, who was putting out the story, was considered the world's greatest liar. And the men of Dachau and Buchenwald, of Auschwitz and Maidenek were so well established as butchers that their cry of "Murder!" was taken with extreme skepticism.

It was easier and more "patriotic" to believe that the enemy had done it, so most people did. Presenting the very strong circumstantial evidence of the Polish Government-in-exile and the weakness of the Soviet reply was at that time a thankless task, as I can affirm.

But today the political situation has changed, and at long last a public enquiry has been launched in the Western world into this peculiarly revolting crime. It is being conducted by a committee of the U.S. House of Representatives. Colonel Grobicki has been questioned for the best part of a day on his experiences in Soviet imprisonment and on the general layout of the scene of the crime.

The committee could scarcely find a witness more likely to have noted this precisely, as Grobicki was professor of military geography in the Polish Staff College before the war.

The essence of his story is that, towards the end of March, 1940, the Soviets told them at Kozielsk Camp that for administrative reasons this large camp of about 4,500 prisoners was to be split up; while it was also intimated that they were going home, or being handed to the Allies to fight in France. So the groups of officers went off, day by day, in rather good spirits, thinking that at least their condition couldn't be worse and there might be something to this rumor of repatriation.

—Brandel

STALIN TOLD SIKORSKI that the missing Poles "might have escaped to Manchuria."

Grobicki remembered afterwards the case of a young lieutenant, a mere boy, who was being separated from his father and went in tears to the Commandant, who told him that if he knew where they were going he'd spare his tears. "In any case, you will soon be together again." Vividly, too, he recalls that on their "last train", a group of officers was singing and he overheard one Soviet guard remark to another: "They wouldn't be so cheerful if they knew what's coming next."

Grobicki was in the prison hospital with an infected leg (which became much worse during imprisonment) when his transport was to leave. A guard came for him, and the doctor said that he could not go anywhere in his condition. There was an argument, but the guard came back later and said that he could stay. It is possible that, with the NKVD security arrangements, neither the guard nor the doctor knew the convoy's destination. If they did know, they were bound to keep it a secret, so couldn't give the natural answer: "A shot in the back of your head will soon cure your infected foot."

That was in April. In early May Grobicki was included in the last transport of 200 men from Kozielsk —and ended up with 206 persons from the other two Polish officers' camps in the vicinity, Starobielsk and Ostashkov, at the new camp of Pavlishchev Bor. So sudden had been the decision to spare a few that the new camp was quite unprepared for them. So methodical had been the liquidation that each of the three Polish camps was down to its last transport.

All the rest were not killed in the Katyn Forest. As the Polish writer Joseph Mackiewicz establishes in his exceptionally well-organized and well-written account, "The Katyn Wood Murders" (Palm, $3.25) only prisoners from Kozielsk were found in the mass graves of Katyn, and only 4,143 bodies were discovered and exhumed, though the German propaganda had claimed 10,000 to 12,000 *and the Soviets upheld this number in their own "investigation" a year later.*

AS FAR as the German claim goes, it appears that after exhuming some hundreds of bodies they simply assumed that all of the Polish officer prisoners, whose approximate number they knew, were buried there. The official report of the senior German medical official states quite plainly that 4,143 bodies were exhumed and omits any mention of a possible 10-12,000. But German propaganda was stuck with its earlier claim and probably feared to undermine belief in the whole affair by revising the figure downward.

But why should the Soviets have accepted this false figure? Is it not quite simple? If they gave the smaller figure, awkward questions would arise as to what happened to the rest of the Polish officers. With the lump figure, they could "explain" the disappearance of all the Polish officers as a German crime. For of course their version, issued the day after the sensational German announcement of April 13, 1943, was that the Polish

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officers were being used on road construction west of Smolensk, in July 1941, had been left behind in the big retreat, fallen into German hands and been murdered. Then the Germans—so the Soviets claimed—had dug them up in early 1943, "fixed up" the papers on the bodies so as to leave none later than 1940, and reopened the graves for their big propaganda flourish.

In "The Katyn Wood Murders" the author deals very thoroughly with this version. He spent four days at Katyn in May 1943, towards the end of the exhumation. He saw many bodies taken out before his eyes. He was able to request the exhumation of bodies from an untouched part of the mass grave. I won't repeat his description of the state of the corpses, how pressed together they were; it is quite convincing.

The boots had to be cut off to get at the newspapers which so many of the men had stuffed around their feet for warmth. All the newspapers, of which almost every body had a copy or at least some pieces on it, were dated April or May 1940. From the pockets the author saw documents, medal citations, postcards and letters from home and answers still unposted, and many diaries, taken out. Altogether there were 1650 letters and 1640 postcards. None was dated later than April 1940.

OVER THE investigation of the "International Commission" of experts which the Germans brought to Katyn (they had invited the Red Cross to investigate but the Soviets had furiously rejected this) there hung one dark doubt. Where were the cartridges of the thousands of shells used in the execution? Were the Germans hiding them? What make was the ammunition?

It was German, marked "Geco", made by Gustav Genschow and Co., near Karlsruhe. The Germans were in quite evident confusion over this until enquiry showed that Genschow had supplied large quantities of ammunition to Soviet Russia after the Rapallo Treaty, and also had supplied Poland and the Baltic States.

But why didn't the Soviets seize on this point to "prove" that the Germans had done it? Because it would have blown sky-high the claim that this was a cleverly-prepared German propaganda trick. In such a case, the Germans would have used Russian ammunition, of which they had captured vast stores.

Then there were the winter uniforms and great-coats in which the bodies were clothed. These went with the April 1940 date of the crime rather better than with the date the Soviets first gave for a German shooting, August 1941. Indeed, the report on the Soviet "investigation" shifted this to "September-December 1941."

Exactly eight years ago, in February 1944, I carried on a small investigation of my own into this question of the date of the crime. In London I had long conversations with a courier of the Polish Underground and with Ambassador Kot, who had had the task of pressing the search for the missing officers in 1941, after the Soviets had agreed to the formation of a new Polish Army.

The courier, Lieutenant Jan Nowak, was on his third wartime visit to London. He returned later to Warsaw to carry the instructions for the heroic uprising, and when that failed escaped with his bride through the sewers and reached London again. The main point he made about Katyn was that after all mail ceased coming from the officers in the late spring of 1940 the Underground sent three couriers into Russia to find out what the

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COLONEL JERZY GROBICKI

could. One returned, with the news that local people only knew that the camps had been emptied.

Kot had been sent to the Moscow post because of his pro-Soviet sympathies and went over after the war to the Communist-dominated Polish Government, so he cannot be accused as a "fascist." He retailed to me the long story of the evasions of Vyshinsky, Molotov and Stalin in face of the persistent enquiries which first he, and then Generals Anders and Sikorski, made of the whereabouts of the officers who were to lead their new army. It is all in this book.

IT BEGAN with Vyshinsky, in early October, 1941. "We will hand over all the men we have, but we cannot give what we have not got." He promised lists within a few days. Then Kot went to Molotov, who coughed a great deal and suggested that administrative and transport difficulties were holding up the officers' arrival at the depots. Next, back to Vyshinsky, who still hadn't the list but intimated darkly that when he received it he could approach the competent authorities, and *"even be able to punish where necessary."*

Finally, in December, Kot, Anders and Sikorski were able to face Stalin and Molotov with a list of 3845 names which had been compiled by the survivors of the three camps and by the Polish underground. The list evidently surprised Stalin. He said: "It is impossible, they have escaped." Anders asked, where to? Stalin said, "Oh well, to Manchuria for instance."

As Kot told it to me, Anders thereupon told Stalin that with Soviet security arrangements it was evidently impossible that thousands of fugitives in Polish uniform could travel thousands of miles across the USSR without the NKVD knowing anything about it. Stalin was still insisting at the time of this interview that he just didn't know where the officers were, but that they had been freed and would turn up. He couldn't even put Sikorski into telegraphic communication with any of them.

It was only on the next occasion that Kot was able to reach Stalin, in March 1942, that the latter, after repeating that he didn't know where the officers were, threw out the suggestion that "it may be that they are in camps in territories taken over by the Germans, and have dispersed there." Here, after all the months of anguished enquiry, was the beginning of the Soviet alibi.

But the Polish leaders already dreaded the worst. For they now had reports, confirmed by a number of witnesses, that Beria and Merkulov, the top two of the NKVD, had approached Colonel Berling and two companions in Lubianka Prison in Moscow on October 30, 1940 about the possibility of raising Polish units under Soviet command in the case of a German attack. Berling agreed in principle, and Merkulov asked how many officers could be found who would be suitable. Beria's face twitched; apparently even the NKVD keep secrets from each other. Berling quickly offered to prepare a list of suitable names of those whom he remembered to be imprisoned on Soviet territory.

At this Beria cleared his throat and said "No, not those. We made a big mistake concerning them. A grave mistake was made . . ." These significant words were related carefully by the three Polish officers to their cell companions immediately afterwards, and discussed uneasily.

But perhaps the strongest indictment of the Soviets for the Katyn Massacre was the suggestion made by Stalin to Churchill and Roosevelt at the Teheran Conference, and related in the latest book of Churchill's memoirs. The way to curb Germany's national spirit and make her more pliable after the war, Stalin said, was to shoot 50,000 German officers.

In a polished and pictorial narrative Mackiewicz has presented the definitive account of an atrocity which will live forever in Polish history. Tardily, the world may be ready to believe the truth about it, and take heed.

70th Annual Report

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BOOK REVIEWS

REWARD OF THE SPIRIT

DANCE TO THE PIPER—by Agnes de Mille—*McClelland & Stewart—$4.50.*

by Lucy Van Gogh

DETERMINATION is in many cases a large part of the ingredients of genius. It has certainly been so in the case of Agnes de Mille, choreographer of many of the greatest American ballets of the last 15 years, and of several which have been presented on Canadian stages in recent weeks with tremendous applause.

It is not without significance that she writes of the two-room New York home to which she betook herself, almost penniless, in 1939: "I lived there for eight years, and knew peace, met and courted the man of my choice, and waited out the war for him." Nor is it without significance that at the same date, and on the next page, "I also began to dress neatly, and I started appearing places on time." This was at a time when she already had behind her a great deal of brilliant artistic success, but no financial success, in both London and the United States. If she had been less determined she might already have been rich, but she would not have been de Mille.

How essential determination is if you are going to do anything *of your own* in ballet is evident in every line of this amazing book, which is in sense a history of that art in the English-speaking world since Pavlova, although the reader has to piece the history together from innumerable allusions, since it was not written for any such purpose. But in addition to being the life story of a great choreographer (and an only slightly less great dancer) the book is a brilliant piece of writing.

Agnes de Mille can draw character just as well in dialogue as in the dance. She is a literary artist of the first rank, and if there was ever a book by a stage artist which proclaims aloud that no ghost-writer ever touched a line of it, this is it. You can feel the determination of the author—the determination to do a great job of authoring just like a great job of dancing—all over the pages. And she can get just as determined about the narration of something whose success or failure was settled ten years ago as she was at the time.

The tale of the success of her great American ballet at the Metropolitan, "at 9.40, October 16, 1942," when they had 22 curtain calls, is the most exciting thing about ballet that this omnivorous reader of ballet books has ever read. If we add that de Mille is a thinker, and knows what ballet is about and what it can do and ought to do, perhaps you will get the idea that this is a great book.

JACKET: "DANCE TO THE PIPER"

Two Generations

WINDS OF MORNING — by H. L. Davis — *McLeod—$4.25.*

by Jack Lewis

THIS is a quite remarkably fine regional novel about the American Northwest in the 1920's by a man whose writing is part of a great tradition; a tougher, more muscular Mark Twain in whose hands language is at once virile and graceful, earthy and melodious.

The story concerns Amos Clarke, a hot-blooded, imaginative young sheriff's assistant, and Old Hendricks, a herder who has known and loved the Northwest since it was first settled. Diddled by an unscrupulous rancher and his rascally foreman, the two of them set out to herd a knot of wild horses across country—the old man to talk and teach, the young one to listen and learn.

The relationship of the two men—representing two generations of American tradition—make a richly satisfying story, and the author's description of the land and its people, seen through the eyes of youth and age, is couched in magnificently moving and colorful language.

Chain Reaction

MORNING STAR — by J. L. Hodson — *Longmans, Green—$3.00.*

by R. A. Farquharson

THE CASE for the independent newspaper threatened by absorption into one of the British newspaper chains is not only the central theme of "Morning Star" but is the obvious reason why the book was written. As a novel it is weak; as an argument it is well done.

So far we have not the same problem in Canadian newspaper ownership. Multiple newspaper ownership in Canada has as yet left the editors local autonomy. How long this will be true no one can say.

Economic factors will probably extend the chain system here as it has been extended in England and concentration of the press in fewer and fewer hands may yet become the kind of problem which will make "Morning Star" a more vivid book to Canadians.

"GODS, GRAVES & SCHOLARS"

Seattle Informal

SKID ROAD—by Murray Morgan—McMillan—*$5.25.*

by Kim McIlroy

THIS informal, highly readable, and probably quite authoritative history of the city of Seattle, is of the school of Herbert Asbury's similar account of San Francisco, New Orleans, and New York. There is slightly less accent on the more lurid side of the early days, possibly because Seattle's past is a trifle less lurid than its sinful sisters.

Morgan goes right back to the founding of Seattle, by a bibulous doctor named Maynard who dreamed dreams of building a great city on the shores of Puget Sound and went broke helping his dream come true.

The early days were marked by trouble with the Indians, who seem to have been a rather ineffectual and peaceable lot but were nevertheless chivvied about and occasionally slaughtered and in general given the white man's usual treatment.

The city grew, with the normal growing pains, including a great fire, the establishment of a segregated district with the resultant arguments pro and con, trouble with cheap imported labor culminating in violence, and finally the General Strike.

All of this, the way Morgan writes it, makes good reading. He has done a great deal of research into the early days and seems to have dug up considerably more detailed source material than most historians.

This is a job no one, to my knowledge, has yet done on a Canadian city. It's about time someone did.

Glory of the Past

GODS, GRAVES AND SCHOLARS — by C. W. Ceram—McClelland & Stewart—$6.75.

by John L. Watson

C. W. CERAM is the pseudonym of a German publisher with a passion for archaeology and his book is a survey of the greatest archaeological discoveries of modern times, the breath-taking story of civilization's beginnings, as revealed by the spades and picks that hacked away the topsoil of Egypt and Babylonia, Troy and Pompeii, Uxmal and Chichen Itza.

Here is the story of Schliemann, who discovered Troy by ditching scientific theory and following Homer to the letter; Champollion, the boy genius who deciphered the Rosetta Stone; Carter, the modest Englishman who found King Tut and uncovered the glories of Egypt; Winckelmann, who laid bare the streets and villas of Pompeii; Woolley, who unearthed the oldest civilization in the world and substantiated the Biblical story of the Flood; Stephens and Thompson, whose jungle wanderings disclosed a New World culture as advanced and complex as anything in the Old.

It would be a muddy-mettled reader who could not share in the excitement of this fabulous voyage of discovery; the romance of the treasure-hunt appeals to all of us.

Mr. Ceram is very German: his book is thoroughly organized and compartmented and he has no aversion to using three words where one would do; nor is the translation by E. B. Garside precisely a thing of beauty. However, the excitement is quite irresistible and "Gods, Graves and Scholars" is sure to be one of the most widely read non-fiction books of the season.

In addition, those readers who attach importance to the physical appearance of a book will treasure this volume, created by Knopf's designing genius, W. A. Dwiggins. The photographs and drawings are extraordinarily good.

Writers & Writing

TO THE ELIZABETH II Renaissance in the Arts!

■ "Changing Canada", by MARY QUAYLE INNIS is being offered by Clarke Irwin & Company, first of planned series.

■ Did you hear, from Winnipeg, radio play "To-morrow and To-morrow and To-morrow"? First written as short story by ISABEL LEBOURDAIS; sold to *Canadian Home Journal*: turned into radio play; sold to CBC Drama Department. Airways should continue to woo Isabel LeBourdais. Not only skilful radio writer, she has excellent radio voice. Accent is clipped but gathers warmth with subject; example: recent broadcast of her letter to the Prime Minister; augmenting Massey Report with constructive suggestions about ways Canada could encourage native artists, writers and, as Isabel said positively, sincerely: "I speak to-day for *all* the Arts."

"GODS, GRAVES & SCHOLARS"

■ Announcement that WARREN BALDWIN, Toronto *Globe and Mail's* parliamentary correspondent, goes to The *Financial Post* to fill the position left vacant by the tragic death of Kenneth Wilson, recalls to us the fact that Warren Baldwin possesses to a marked degree qualities of modesty, integrity and thoroughness that distinguished his great - grandfather, Hon. Robert Baldwin. The ancestor was famous as "a man of one idea", yet that idea—responsible government—was to become the cornerstone of the whole British Commonwealth of Nations. Warren Baldwin will carry distinction to his new post and the best wishes of all members of the government who have trusted him these many years.

■ We met PETER HOWARD and his new book "The World Rebuilt" when he was returning from Moral Rearmament Assembly for Americas and stopped over with other leaders to speak in Toronto.

Mr. Howard is the well-known British journalist. Others of sincere little group facing columnists and radio types were Tom Keep; twenty-two years a leading Communist, 1945-46 President National Amalgamated Stevedores and Dockers Union, in forefront of troubles in London docks; Wing-Commander Edward Howell who made one of the most dramatic escapes of the war from a Nazi prison; Eleanor Butler, former senator and past secretary of Irish labor party. All see Communism as ideology to be dealt with by stronger ideology, namely Moral-Rearmament which they consider more important than the atom bomb; putting people before things; not anti-anything. McClelland & Stewart are handling this important work.

Other books by Peter Howard: "Innocent Men", "Fighters Ever", "Ideas Have Legs", "Men on Trial" and "That Man Frank Buchman".

■ Many book lovers will wish to contribute to fund for simple, enduring monument on grave of JOHN MITCHELL, author Canadian classic "The Yellow Briar".

He is buried in Clarkson cemetery. Proposal is to place on grave stone of native granite, engraved with dates of birth and death (1880-1951) followed by "author of The Yellow Briar" and quotation from novel:

"Here's to the worn-out hearts of those who saw a nation built, and to the proud, fun-loving young hearts that have it in their keeping." Address contributions: R. B. Bond, Trustee, 3100 Bank of Commerce Building, Toronto.

—*Rica*

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FILMS

ALLEGORY OF OUR TIMES

by Mary Lowrey Ross

"DEATH of a Salesman", America's great success story in reverse, is a pretty horrifying allegory of our times, and it took considerable courage to bring it before an audience conditioned to the sterling principles of salesmanship on this continent.

In terms of the spirit it is a violent and shocking story. Physical death is such a commonplace on the screen that the success of our more uninhibited melodramas can almost be predicated on the rate of falling bodies. But the death of the spirit is an infinitely more troubling phenomenon, especially when reinforced by the tricks of nightmare realism which the camera produces so easily and disturbingly.

Producer Stanley Kramer has made no attempt to soften the harsher implications of Willy Loman's story. He has simply set up and photographed the Pulitzer Prize winning play very much as Arthur Miller wrote it, and so has left himself wide open to the double standard of criticism applied to stage and screen. For what is accepted as convention on the stage is usually regarded as lack of ingenuity on the part of the camera, and dialogue that seems fresh and vigorous when it comes across the footlights has the effect of holding the characters rather than the audience spellbound when projected from the screen. Then too the literalism of the cinema is a disadvantage, since the magic of the camera is no substitute, at any rate in the critics' books, for the conjury of the imagination.

With all these reservations "Death of a Salesman" is a picture of unusual and often frightening significance. The sense of flux and timelessness, with the derelict hero living partly in the present, partly in the past and partly in his unhappy imagination, is far more easily captured by the screen than by the stage; and if Fredric March's performance as Willy Loman seems overwrought at times this is partly because everything on the screen is by necessity far larger than life and many times as natural. For the rest, the picture's impressive strength, as well as its occasional moments of weakness or dramatic contrivance, belong to the original drama.

Mildred Dunnock as Willy's wife and Cameron Mitchell as the younger son repeat their Broadway roles here and Kevin McCarthy, as Hap the older boy, reproduces for the screen the role he played on the London stage. They are all excellent.

"JAPANESE War Bride" was rather luridly publicized locally as a drama of miscegenation. This, however, is the only shock the public is likely to get from the film, which is as conventional in form and tone as though the hero had merely turned up with a girl from the wrong side of the tracks.

A Korean war veteran (Don Taylor) hospitalized in Japan, meets and marries a pretty Red Cross worker (Shirley Yamaguchi) and brings her back to the family home, a de luxe truck farm in California. He is beamingly convinced that Tai will love America and everybody in America will love Tai. Naturally it doesn't work out that way. Tai is soon deep in trouble with the hero's possessive mother, his jealous sister-in-law, and a covey of resentful neighbors who haven't forgotten Bataan.

It all works out to a familiar pattern of conflict and reconciliation, leading to a happy ending. Before this occurs the marriage is blessed with a strikingly Japanese baby, and the vicious sister-in-law, a poison-pen writer, has been rousingly beaten up by her outraged husband. ("Did he ever *sock* her!" murmured the moviegoer behind me happily, on the way out.)

THIS brings us to "The Racket", billed as a drama of underworld crime which "begins where the Kefauver investigation left off". I'm not quite sure what this means, and neither I'm afraid are the public-relations men who invented the slogan. Everything about "The Racket" is a little confused.

At the top of the gangster hierarchy here is "The Old Man" who remains anonymous and invisible throughout the story, a minor mystery the picture doesn't get round to clearing up. The Old Man runs the local city gangster (Robert Ryan) who runs the politicians and would like to run the local police force. Opposing him is an incorruptible police captain (Robert Mitchum). Involved in the situation like a fly in tanglefoot is Lizabeth Scott, as a rather frowsy nightclub singer.

It bothered me that the mastermind behind all this violence was never identified; but it didn't bother me very much.

—Columbia

"DEATH OF A SALESMAN"

TV: NEW HAZARD FOR POLITICIANS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

will likely be the model for a great many public men in the '52 campaign. He used an entirely new system which showed the voters, including the very strong Democrats in New York City itself, that here was another Dewey. And the Dewey the voters saw on TV was the Dewey of those who knew him and saw him at close range: a man of great ability, thorough knowledge of his subject and with a friendliness and ease that the general public didn't know he was capable of.

The Dewey technique was simple, designed to fit him, and show his deep knowledge of public affairs. His opponent could not possibly have used that technique, for he was a Congressman with comparatively little grasp of the State's problems. Here is the way the Dewey system worked:

Governor Dewey sat in a studio at NBC. Cameras introduced him, then switched to Times Square. There, a crew of technicians and one announcer worked another camera. Crowds assembled, saw the Governor on a portable TV set. Then they were invited to ask questions, any questions. The Governor answered these questions. Then the viewer at home would see a crowd on 50th Street in Manhattan. The Governor was asked another question. He answered. Then the next question would come from Times Square. And so it went.

DEWEY used no notes. He sat on a desk, was at ease, answered the toughest questions, was cool and good humored at unfriendly questioners. The voters saw the Dewey here they never knew before. For not only did he come through into the homes as an extremely well informed man answering questions off the cuff, he looked very human indeed, something his opponents for many years had labored to disprove.

So effective were the Dewey television appearances that on the final day before the voting he went on TV at 6 o'clock in the morning and did a marathon stint, keeping going until after midnight, eating sandwiches, drinking coffee out of paper cups, answering all sorts of queries. It was a gruelling eighteen hours but it paid off in votes and in public approval of a man so many said was all washed up when he lost to Harry Truman only two years before.

Residents of New York State who never voted for Dewey before, did this time. For here they saw a man who really knew his job, from top to bottom, and was prepared to answer any question any taxi driver, housewife, school teacher, nurse, garment worker or bus boy asked. It was a remarkable feat and the voters said so.

Had there been TV in 1948 and had Dewey used it in the way he did in 1950, and fought as aggressively, there might have been a different President of the United States.

Incidentally, by answering questions as he did on TV, Dewey made more news for the papers than he did in his prepared speeches. One other thing: with that technique the voters tell you what they want to know. The politician only answers the questions.

There is real doubt if that system could be used in Canada under the CBC's regulations today. When television comes it may need a revision of the rules to permit that sort of television political campaigning. But TV will come and when it does we may get again the man who can think on his feet, just like the great debaters of old in the House of Commons, the Lauriers, the Macdonalds, the Meighens, to whom reading from a text was beyond comprehension.

BUT TV is expensive, terribly expensive. In fact, it is so expensive that the networks have had to make arrangements in the United States for sponsors to cover the costs that will come during the Presidential campaign. So far, Columbia Broadcasting System has signed up Westinghouse Electric for $3 million to sponsor its nationwide radio and television coverage. It includes the two Presidential nominating conventions, time for both major parties to present their programs during the campaign, and the coverage of the election returns.

The National Broadcasting Company has signed Philco for $3,800,000 for a one-hundred-station TV-radio link of the same type of coverage as CBS is giving. The most recent is the American Broadcasting Company's sale to Admiral Corporation of TV-radio coverage along the same lines.

The commercial sponsorship of the nominating conventions, and the campaign and election results have brought some criticism from newspaper commentators. The *New York Times*' Jack Gould, for instance, wrote in part that "the arrangements for direct commercial sponsorship on the air of the processes whereby we choose our chief executive can only be received with serious misgivings. There still are a few aspects of democratic life which do not properly lend themselves to service as advertising billboards. Selection of a President is one of them."

RADIO is by no means unimportant today. But the big new factor is television, and the Presidential candidate who can fit the medium, can use it properly, is going to have one whale of a lead on his opponents.

Canada has a long way to go in TV. Before the whole country is covered, for Montreal and Toronto are still not all Canada, CBC is really going to find out what big headaches can mean. And not the least of them is the problem of costs for TV in election campaigns. Whether it will only allow national time for TV on the same basis as radio is an important question for its Governors. But no matter what the answer is, the wise Canadian politicians will take a long, long look at what is being done in TV here now, and how it will be used until the votes are counted and a President elected on November 4.

It's getting worse and worse, harder and harder, to be a politician. Just think, all the worries Messrs. St. Laurent, Drew and Coldwell have now and on top of that, just over the hill is the new thing, television.

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Widest choice ever! Wonderful solid colors and two-tone color combinations lend sparkle to the over-all beauty of Royal-Tone Styling. New for '52 are such striking exteriors as Bittersweet, Beach White and many others.

Harmonizing Color-Matched Interiors

Harmonizing interiors in two-tone blue, green or gray are offered in De Luxe sedans and sport coupes. The Bel Air, Convertible and Station Wagon offer other exciting interpretations of Royal-Tone Styling.

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Engine vibration and power impulses are "screened out" — isolated from driver and passengers. Engine rides flexibly supported between rubber-cushioned mountings . . . centred, poised, balanced for greater stability.

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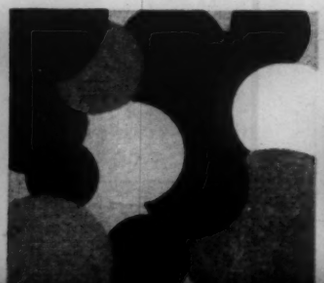
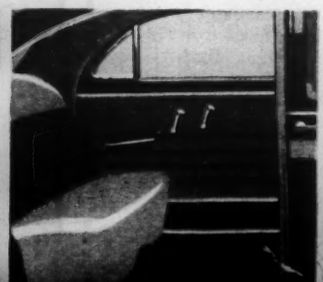
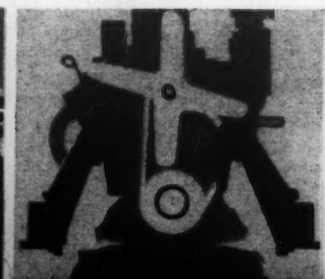
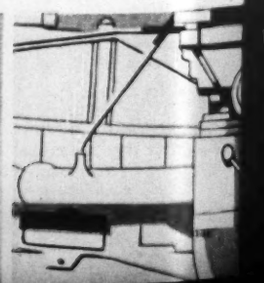
Smoother accele ation has achieved by more efficient co fuel flow. Carburet on on Pow models with 105-h engine new Automatic Choke fo smooth starting under all co









NEW for '52!

Illustrated — Chevrolet Bel-Air

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most like the most costly cars.

lors: Brighter solid colors and two-tone color combi-
ions, with more to choose from! Still better, interiors
the De Luxe sedans and sport coupe are *color-matched*
two-tone blues, greens or grays to harmonize with
exterior colors. Chevrolet's Royal-Tone Styling is brand
new for '52.

Smoother Running: You'd hardly know the engine's in the car! New Centrepoise Power "screens out" engine vibration and power impulses, isolates them from the body. Engine rides in flexible suspension — centred, poised, cushioned in rubber.

Softer Riding: You notice the difference in how rested and relaxed you feel after a long drive! New Quick-Reflex shock absorber control is immediate and continuous — irons out bumps. Famed Knee-Action ride is now smoother than ever.

POWERglide Gives Unmatched Driving Ease: Chevrolet, first in its field with a completely automatic transmission again offers you finest no-shift driving with proved Powerglide. It's extra-smooth, extra-dependable — out-dates the clutch-pedal entirely! Optional at extra cost on de luxe models, Powerglide costs less than you might think *and* it assures you a much higher trade-in value, protects your investment! Ask your Chevrolet dealer!

ORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CAR!

New Softer, Smoother Ride

-Action ride is now softer,
ther than ever. New Quick-
er shock absorber action makes
g control immediate and con-
ous. Back seat and front seat
ngers enjoy new comfort.

Oil-Smooth, Oil-Cooled

Combined with 105-h.p. engine and new Automatic Choke, Powerglide alone in Chevrolet's field is *oil-smooth*, with no jerks or surges — *oil-cooled* for long life. Optional on De Luxe models at extra cost.

Trend-Setting Valve-in-Head Engine

One by one other cars are following Chevrolet's lead — they're going to valve-in-head! But only Chevrolet can produce the Chevrolet Valve-in-Head engine . . . improved and refined by nearly 40 years of development.

Extra-Easy Centre-Point Steering

Control is *centred* between the front wheels . . . giving a smoother feel to the wheel on road bumps or ruts. Chevrolet is surprisingly easy to steer, park and manoeuvre. Even at low speeds, little wheel effort is required.

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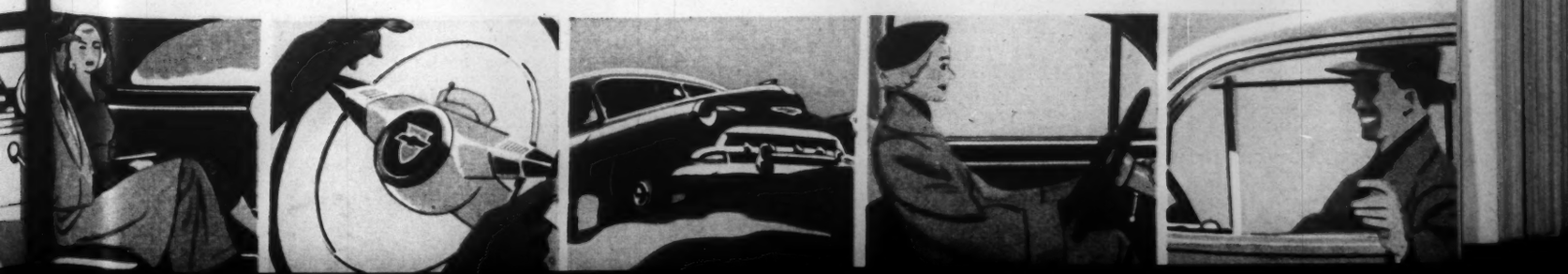

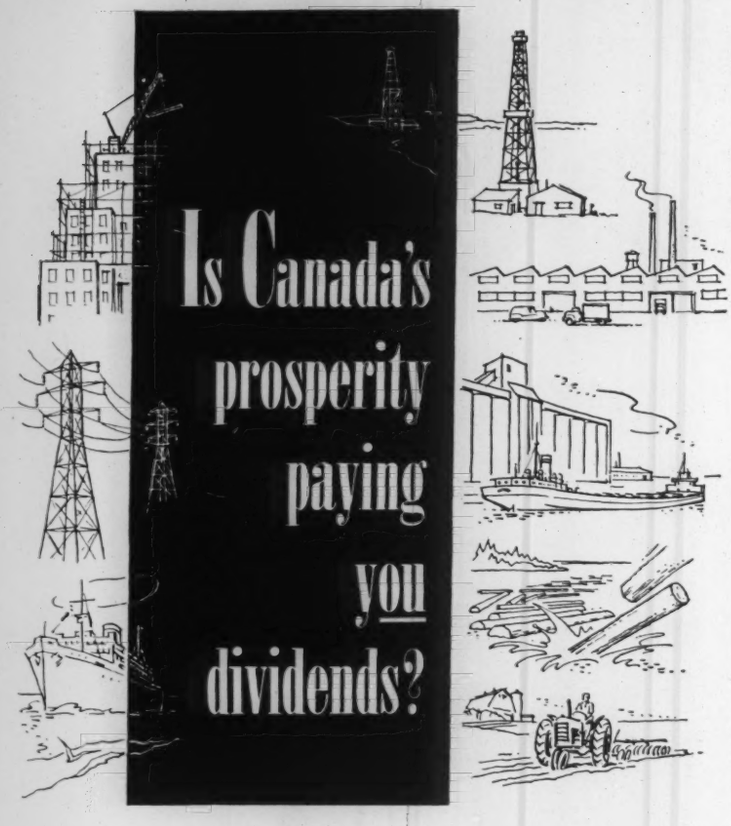

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IS THERE A HEX ON ELMER LACH?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

door clanged open. Out stepped two of the Red Wings, Gordie Howe and Ted Lindsay. They wore freshly-pressed clothes and had slicked-down hair. You could get a whiff of shaving lotion from several feet away. The contrast between them and Elmer was startling.

"'Lo, Gordie—'lo, Ted," said Elmer, and his lips didn't move when he spoke. But there was a peculiarly envious expression in the look he gave them; the look that the sick give the well.

That was at noon and he still thought he might be able to play the next night. He had a contraption in a box under his arm, a combination helmet and plastic mask, which he was going to submit to Clarence Campbell, president of the N.H.L., for his approval. The league head withheld his O.K. on inspecting the mask, pointing out that there was projecting metal on the surface that was a menace to opposing players.

As things turned out, it was the compassionate thing to do, though the ruling seemed to go against Elmer at the time. When the team returned to Montreal Elmer went to the hospital, his jaw broken again.

He has been strangely jinxed in the game he loves so well. His injuries have been so serious that he has come to know the interiors of hospitals almost as well as his own home. Why has he kept on playing?

Ernie Cook answered that question a few years ago when it was reported that an insurance company which carries one of Elmer's policies had offered him $17,000 if he'd quit hockey. Harold Kaese, sports columnist of the Boston *Globe*, went around to the Canadiens' dressing room to check on it. Ernie Cook was the only representative of the hockey club there.

"Yes, it's true," said the trainer. "I think I'd have quit if they'd made me the offer."

"Why didn't he quit?" asked Kaese.

"He didn't quit because he likes the game too much," said Ernie. "He wants to skate and feel the puck on the end of his stick. He just can't give it up."

ELMER COMES originally from Nokomis, Sask., a hamlet with a population of 422. He played junior hockey in Regina and senior hockey for the Moose Jaw Millers in the Western League. It was early in 1940 that Paul Haynes, who was on a scouting trip for the Canadiens, saw him, and the following October he went to Montreal to join the club.

He became a full-fledged star in the 1943-44 season when, by happy chance, Coach Dick Irvin put him between Maurice (The Rocket) Richard and Toe Blake to form the famed "Punch Line," which Irvin claims is the best he ever saw.

"I've seen them all and it's the greatest," he maintains. "They were the great thrill-producers — Lach, Richard and Blake. You'd dump them on the ice and—*ppsst*" (business of making a shooting movement with the hands) "away they went, and the rink would be in an uproar. There never was another line to compare with them."

IRVIN, one of Elmer's keenest admirers, once called Elmer a "four-way" player.

"Elmer goes forwards, backwards and crossways—both ways," said the white-haired coach.

"What—do you mean to say he can't go overhead?" a listener asked.

"I've even seen him do that—take to the air," Irvin enthused. "Maybe he's a five-way player. I've seen him jump right over guys at times."

Elmer sells paper in the off-season and will probably make a full-time job of it when he quits hockey. He used to play baseball in the summers, but now he concentrates only on golf. He is a six-handicap man and belongs to the Marlboro Golf Club in Montreal. If he has a hobby, it is building things for his home. He built a brick barbecue in his backyard last summer. He has one son named Ronnie, now seven years old. Ronnie's present ambition is to be a goalie.

"He'll learn better in time," Elmer says.

There was some resentment around the Forum a couple of years ago when a piece in an American magazine of large circulation quoted several players on opposing N.H.L. teams as saying that Elmer was an irritating player, which might explain some of his injuries. Elmer is a "needler" all right, but that doesn't explain the injuries. They were accidents and he regards them as such. He has never been heard to complain that any injury he suffered was caused intentionally. He may do his share of hooking, slashing, spearing and butt-ending, but who doesn't?

It was Ted Reeve who suggested that if the Hockey Hall of Fame at Kingston is to include a pictorial record of hockey history, then the governors will have to include Elmer's X-rays for the era covering the 1940s.

Sports writers have somehow missed tacking an appropriate nickname on the tireless, swift-skating pivot of the Punch Line. He is sometimes referred to as "Elegant Elmer" and his teammates call him "Everywhere Elmer" in tribute to his brilliant all-around play. Now in his twelfth season in the league, he is travelling as fast as ever. Maybe they should call him "Evergreen Elmer."

■ At the time of writing, Lach is well up in the scoring list, second only to Howe of Detroit. He has racked up 45 points, 8 less than Howe, and has 12 goals and 33 assists.

BUSINESS

TAX IMPASSE COSTING MILLIONS

by Michael Barkway

THE TAX AGREEMENTS between the Federal Government and eight of the provinces expire at the end of March this year. They covered the five fiscal years from 1947-48 to 1951-52. Only Ontario and Quebec held out.

Now the Federal Government is offering another five-year agreement. The terms are somewhat more favorable to the provinces. The big question is whether Ontario and Quebec will now come in.

Their decision must largely depend on the calculation whether they would get more revenue from the Federal offer or do better on their own. If the logic alone determined the actions of governments, you might say this should be the only criterion. It probably won't be, but it is an important one.

An attempt is made here to present the relevant figures—with a warning that Federal and Provincial Governments don't always see them the same way.

THE HEART of the argument is in the table on this page. Leslie Frost, who is Treasurer as well as Premier of Ontario, claimed on the basis of four years of the old agreement that Ontario was better for having stayed out.

The table shows that Ontario's tax-rental payment from the Federal Government in the four years would have come to $341 million.

The taxes which Ontario actually collected during the four years amounted to $318 million. This is $23 million *less* than the Federal offer.

(Gasoline taxes and other Provincial sources of revenue continue whether the Province comes into an agreement with the Federal Government or not. They do not enter into this argument.)

But Mr. Frost does not leave his argument there. He asks you to take into account not only what the Province did actually collect, but the taxes it might have collected by staying out of the agreement.

Much the most important of these is the personal income tax. By the Federal offer which Mr. Ilsley made in 1946, any province staying out of the tax rental agreements has a chance to collect up to 5 per cent of Federal income tax. Ottawa offered credit up to that amount for income tax paid to the province.

If Ontario had collected this 5 per cent, it would have got (as the table shows) at least an extra $54 million. (The figures given for 1950-51 are only estimates.) If you add this hypothetical $54 million to what Ontario actually collected, you can claim, with Mr. Frost, that Ontario *could have been* better off by paddling its own canoe.

The main snag about this provincial income tax, of course, is that it has to be collected. The Federal Government offered to provide second copies of its income-tax forms which could be sent to the province; and it promised to refund the amount paid to the Provincial Government. But it has always declined to collect the tax and pay 5 per cent of it to the provinces. It has also declined to give the Provincial Government copies of its tax rolls.

So when Mr. Frost claims that Ontario could have collected this income tax, he is perfectly right in theory: but he is skipping the practical question of how to collect it.

This argument about Ontario's position under the old tax agreements cannot be complete, of course, without the figures for the fifth year, the year just ending. And these are not yet available. But it looks as though Ontario has a chance of getting enough revenue to match the Federal offer. The Federal payment to Ontario for 1951-52 under the agreement would have been $105.8 million. Mr. Frost's only estimate of what he will collect in corporation taxes and succession duties this year was the one given in his budget last March. And it was the same as the previous year: $87 million plus the $3 million subsidy.

Ontario, Quebec aloof from first Ottawa tax offer, consider new one

If, therefore, he is to break even with the Federal payment, his revenues must be $16 million higher than last year. This would be an increase of over 18 per cent. Corporation revenues have certainly been soaring, and there seems just a sporting chance that Mr. Frost might do it. If he does, he would be able to claim one year in which he actually collected more than the Federal Government would have paid him. It's still only a bare chance, and it is already certain that over the whole five-year period Ontario will have lost substantial revenue by staying out of the Federal-Provincial agreements.

So much for the past, which Mr. Churchill calls "the only guide to the future." How does Ontario's position look for the next five years?

To begin with, Mr. Frost has to consider a new option offered by the Federal Government. It is designed to take account of Ontario's "tax potential" — the highest in the country — and it would give the Province a better deal.

For the next five years, Ottawa offers a guaranteed minimum payment consisting of: 5 per cent of the income tax collected in 1948; corporation taxes at 8½ per cent; average succession duties collected by the Province in 1947-49; and the statutory subsidy. This adds up to a minimum annual payment, throughout the next five years, of $101,800,000.

But the minimum annual payment is only a sort of insurance. However bad times may get, and whatever happens to Federal revenues, the Province is guaranteed the minimum. But production would have to fall off very seriously before the actual payment would get down to that. The adjusted payment, to which each province is entitled, will take account of increases in population and production since 1948.

For Ontario the adjusted payment for 1952-53, under the new offer, would be at least $126 million. It might be $137 million. The difference here depends on the choice which all the provinces have to make. They can choose whether to have their annual payments calculated on the gross national product averaged over the previous two years, or on the previous year's alone.

THIS IS TRICKIER than it looks. If production goes on increasing, the last year's figure is bound to be the highest. But if it turns down, the two-year average would cushion the reduction in payments. Mr. Frost's calculation for the next five years, therefore, boils down to something like this: Supposing things turn sour and Canada gets into depressed times before 1957, can he be sure of raising as much revenue as the guaranteed Federal payment of $101 million? (The most he got until this year was $90 million).

Supposing things go well and the national product goes on increasing, can he expect to raise as much as the "adjusted" Federal payment, which could start at $137 million next year and go on increasing with increasing production and population?

And, finally, is Ontario's independence of Ottawa worth enough to start collecting income tax? Mr. Frost could get 5 per cent of the Federal tax without increasing his taxpayer's burdens, but he would have to set up the whole complicated machinery of tax collection. He probably realizes it would be years before the Provincial tax rolls could be complete enough, or its staff experienced enough, to ensure thorough collection.

The problem facing M. Duplessis in Quebec is parallel to Mr. Frost's, but the answer on financial grounds is startlingly clear. Whatever grounds of ideology or principle M. Duplessis finds for staying out of the tax agreements, he cannot marshal even the financial arguments that Mr. Frost can.

The table shows that Quebec has lost twice as much as Ontario by staying out of the old agreement. And even if

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

THE RESULT OF "GOING IT ALONE"
(Millions of Dollars)

	FOR ONTARIO					FOR QUEBEC				
	47-8	48-9	49-50	50-1	4 year total	47-8	48-9	49-50	50-1	4 year total
What Federal rental pay'ts would have been	76.1	79.9	88.1	96.9	341	64.0	67.4	74.9	82.3	289
Revenue actually collected instead:										
1) Statutory subsidies	3.1	3.1	3.1	3.1	12	2.8	2.8	2.8	2.8	11
2) Corp. taxes and succession duties	62.6	76.7	79.0	87.0	305	40.4	56.8	58.9	69.3	225
Actual Loss by staying out	10.4	0.1	6.0	6.8	23	20.8	7.8	13.2	10.2	52
Personal Income tax at 5% of Federal rate which could have been collected	13.9	14.6	11.4	14.0†*	54	7.7	7.7	5.8	7.5†	29
Theoretical position if Fed. income tax collected	3.5	14.5	5.4	7†	30*	-13.1	-0.1	-7.4	-2.5	-23

†Rough estimate: no final figures available. *Over

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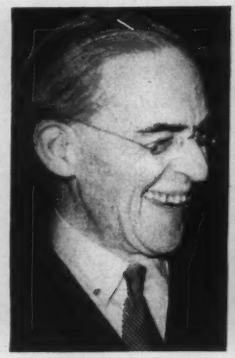
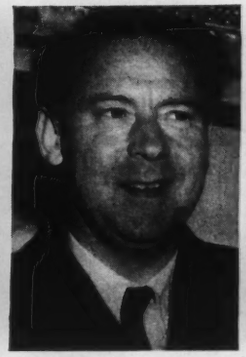


—Miller



—CP

—Miller

POLITICAL COURAGE of Exchequer Chancellors Cripps, Gaitskell, Butler was required for "austerity" medicine; recurring crises show more than this is needed.

U.K. BUSINESS

STERLING'S BIG TRY

by Rodney Grey

"THIS TIME they have all the *right* platitudes", said one of the Fleet Street wits when the final communique was issued from the Commonwealth Finance Ministers' Conference. Having found that foreign aid and devaluation merely disguised the symptoms and did not stop the disease, the Finance Ministers of the sterling area have decided that convertibility of the pound is the only cure. When the pound can freely be exchanged it will be possible for an importer in the sterling area to buy in the cheapest market, wherever it is, and an exporter in the sterling area will be able to sell wherever he can get his price.

The first job is to stop the drain on the central currency reserves. That means import cuts and commodity deals. The sterling area has been losing gold and dollars so quickly during the last four months that, at the same rate, it would be bankrupt in eight months. Restrictions, distasteful as they are, will buy time.

How the crisis developed is simple enough: it is the result of eleven years of continuous, only partly repressed inflation. This has created in most sterling countries a greater demand for imports, and for home-produced goods, than current export earnings allow. Behind the screen of exchange control, domestic production costs can rise; exports get harder and harder to sell. This has made the sterling area unable to withstand any sudden change in world business climate, unable to adjust quickly to shifts in trade.

There were three shifts in the pattern of world trade last year which brought the crisis on sterling now: the reduction in American purchases of sterling area commodities for the strategic stockpile, the softening of major consumer markets, and the rise in raw material prices. The tides of trade turned temporarily against sterling area countries, but inflation kept sterling area demands for imports high: price changes did not, as usual work toward balancing international accounts, and imports have had to be financed from the reserves.

It isn't only a "dollar shortage", though during the past six months no sterling area country has found it easy to earn dollars. The British surplus on current account with the rest of the sterling area, a surplus that is vital to the sterling system, has disappeared. The deficit with Western Europe has gone up so rapidly that a large part of it has had to be repaid in gold, under the European Payments Union arrangements.

There are plenty of people who feel that Britain, the banker and the manufacturer of the sterling area, cannot compete with American productive power. They argue that restrictions on imports and exchange control over capital movements are inevitable and permanent. To them, the sterling area's difficulties are in the nature of things. They do not see them as resulting from wrong policies. In particular they deny that the cheap-money policies of the sterling area countries lead to a balance of trade deficit. Nor will they concede that the welfare state tends to insulate the individual from the economic weather to an unhealthy degree. This is the logic of the current Labor Party position in Britain; it is generally the view of all who deny that there is a place for "orthodox" economic policy.

THE COSTS of past policies can now be counted. In Britain the average consumer does not realize that the food and rent subsidies free his purchasing power to buy other goods, which helps to swell import demand.

In the overseas sterling area, particularly in India, in Pakistan and Australia, it is the enthusiasm for development that has contributed to inflation and to the present difficulty. All these countries, quite understandably, want capital goods—steel and concrete, machines, electrical goods—to develop agriculture, mining, refining and secondary industries. To finance this they have drawn on their wartime sterling balances in London. The British have endorsed overseas development for political as much as

RODNEY GREY, *former SN staffer is now with* The Manchester Guardian *in Britain.*

economic reasons and so have been reluctant to restrict the drawing rights of the overseas countries. This has stimulated demand and inflation abroad. And the British have exported goods against old debts at a fantastic rate. During the convertibility crisis of 1947, the British were working one day in every five to pay off wartime sterling debts. And this helped to raise prices and costs within the sterling area; British exporters could always get high prices in the sterling area.

The crisis of 1952 represents the culmination of past policies in Britain and in the overseas sterling area. It is clear now that only some drastic changes in policy will prevent the sterling area from becoming what many North Americans have assumed it is. They have tended to think of the sterling area as a high-cost area, whose producers are protected from competition by exchange controls, trying to solve the dollar problems by loans, gifts and restrictions. They tend to forget that the sterling area is not a tightly controlled fiscal device.

London is the centre of a great trading community. The sterling area is one of the great areas of the world over which goods and payments can move easily. Without the sterling arrangements, without the pooling of reserves, restrictions on dollar imports might be sharper and more erratic. But the sterling area could become a tightly closed system where individuals and firms are sheltered from international competition and where standards of living fail to rise.

THE COMMONWEALTH Finance Ministers' Conference was called to consider ways of bringing the sterling area into balance with the rest of the world, to prevent the closing-off of the sterling system. Much will depend on what the British do—the British surplus with the rest of the area is vital. R. A. Butler, the Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer, has already brought into use an old-fashioned weapon: monetary policy. The Bank of England has raised bank rates and stopped automatically supplying the money market with cash. The commercial banks have been directed to reduce their advances and to be more selective in granting credit. It is too early yet to say whether this weapon still has a cutting edge. A great deal of industrial expansion is being financed out of retained profits, and a tightening of bank credit may not restrain this. Bank rate may have to be raised again to get the required deflation.

But the reserves are still running out too quickly; there will have to be import cuts in most sterling countries. Butler has already cut two small slices off the British import bill. The big question now is what can be done with the Budget, which has been advanced to March 4. An increase in taxation would hardly be deflationary, as it would sharply reduce incentive to produce. Much must be done by trimming Government spending. Will Butler reduce food subsidies? That question brings out the whole difficulty of the sterling area: the things that will have to be done to get in balance with the rest of the world, let alone to make convertibility possible, are all politically well nigh impossible. The political barn is full of sacred cows, all of them most unproductive. If the sterling area is to ever regain some economic freedom, the economic facts of life must be borne home to the citizen daily, rather than requiring acts of political heroism from incoming Chancellors.

Noranda Mines, Limited

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that an interim dividend of One Dollar ($1.00) per share, Canadian funds, has been declared by the Directors of Noranda Mines, Limited, payable March 15th to Shareholders of record February 15th, 1952.

By Order of the Board,

C. H. WINDELER,
Secretary

Toronto, Ontario,
February 12th, 1952.

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HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

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CAS2-4T

BUSINESS COMMENT

NO LASTING DEFENCE BOOM

by P. M. Richards

ALMOST EVERY day we hear about new expansionary developments across Canada and of its inevitably great economic future. Defence expenditures are also stimulating business activity, and it is suggested that under the circumstances Canada cannot help but be prosperous. Some businessmen are not so sure about this; they're worried about the near-term effects on business of the Government's measures to fight inflation and conserve materials for defence, which are blamed for the rise in unemployment and decline in sales of consumer durable goods.

The other day the president of one of Canada's largest retailing companies—Edgar G. Burton of the Robert Simpson Co.—spoke his mind in an address to the Canadian Credit Institute. There's danger, he thinks, in the idea that defence expenditures are going to keep business at a high level indefinitely. While defence spending is building up, it necessarily has a stimulating effect on national income and prices. But when the peak period of defence spending has passed, which presumably will be by 1953 barring a further extension of hostilities, we may be faced with a difficult period of adjustment—perhaps a much more difficult period than we'd like to think about.

We have a highly specialized selective defence program, giving employment to relatively few businesses in a small number of communities. The country's basic industries, such as steel, oil, paper, base metals and heavy construction are all doing very well. Yet many businesses, large and small, particularly those affected by Government restrictions and taxes, are having a most difficult time. This is accentuated by the higher cost of doing business today. Certain businesses have felt the full blow of the severe restrictions on consumer credit. Secondly, personal income, excise and sales tax increases have penalized the retailing industry. Thirdly, the deferred depreciation regulations, steel restrictions and similar controls have also weighed heavily on them.

On the other side, there are defence-supporting industries which have directly benefited from the defence program and capital investment boom. They have had the assurance of orders, priority on raw materials and an adequate line of credit. They have not been penalized, as has the other group. Yet a flat rate of corporate taxation is applied to both.

The principle of some control on the rapid growth of consumer credit was quite justified a year ago, Mr. Burton said, but now we should be more flexible; the Government should now revise the restrictions or get rid of them when they are no longer needed. If there is not some relaxation, the spreading effects of unemployment and lessened purchasing will create a most unhealthy situation.

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Insurance Company

Head Office — Toronto

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1950		1951
$14,583,214	ASSETS	$16,067,691
11,400,698	RESERVES and all Other Liabilities	12,724,280
700,000	CONTINGENCY RESERVE	825,000
1,005,300	CAPITAL STOCK (Paid Up)	1,007,800
2,482,516	SURPLUS SECURITY (to Policyholders)	2,518,411

GENERAL INSURANCE

TOTAL INCOME - - - - - - $4,114,090
Being an increase of $416,340

PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS $1,907,936
Being an increase of $419,784

CLASSES OF INSURANCE WRITTEN
Automobile, Fire, Accident and Sickness, Burglary, Liability, Personal Property, Plate Glass, Guarantee Bonds.

LIFE INSURANCE

TOTAL INCOME - - - - - - $1,558,779
Being an increase of $152,955

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Being an increase of $89,364

BUSINESS IN FORCE - - - - $50,589,985
Being an increase of $3,698,605

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Too Smug?

CANADIANS MUST not be smug about the fine future opening up for this country — they have to do something themselves to ensure its realization. If they don't work and save to provide the necessary capital for the tremendous developments on hand, a large part of the possible benefits will be lost to us. Over the past three years the Americans have invested a great deal of money here, and this has hastened the development of many important resources. Nevertheless Canadians themselves should own more of them; the opportunity and the need are now. With a huge capital investment program in prospect and total Canadian savings inadequate to meet these requirements, the need for more saving was never greater than now. This was stressed by Edgar G. Burton, President of the Robert Simpson Co., in his address to the Canadian Credit Institute (see above).

George W. Bourke, President of the Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada, made the same point in his speech at his company's annual meeting of shareholders. He said that over 85 per cent of the country's capital expansion last year was financed within Canada, which was encouraging. But our biggest pioneering job is still ahead of us and Canadians must measure up to it. We have been developing our natural resources, constructing new plants and providing new machinery at a rate probably not exceeded by any other country. Today Canadians enjoy a very high standard of living, and there is no reason why this should not continue —provided we are willing to work hard and save more, and make savings available for productive investment.

Both Mr. Bourke and Mr. Burton advocated the closest scrutiny of Government spending to restrain inflation and make possible more Canadian development of Canadian resources. "The problem," said the Sun Life head, "is not what services we want

from Government, but how much we can afford without causing an inflation of prices that would result in disaster." Mr. Burton said the Government has already done something to stimulate more Canadian investment, by its 10 per cent personal income tax rebate on dividends from Canadian companies, and suggested the Government would be justified this year in raising the 10 per cent rebate substantially. It would help to keep Canadian funds at home that might otherwise be attracted by the better yields now available on U.S. common stocks.

U. K. Troubles

CANADIANS would like to see more British capital participating in Canadian expansion and therefore will find pleasure in the statement of Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, President of the U.K. Board of Trade (even though there seems little prospect of its early realization) that "It is our firm policy to work for an increase of two-way trade between Canada and the United Kingdom, and to enable British capital and enterprise to participate, as fully as our financial and economic circumstances allow, in the development of the rich resources of Canada." The lack of that participation is, of course, a result of Britain's persistent dollar shortage and general economic troubles.

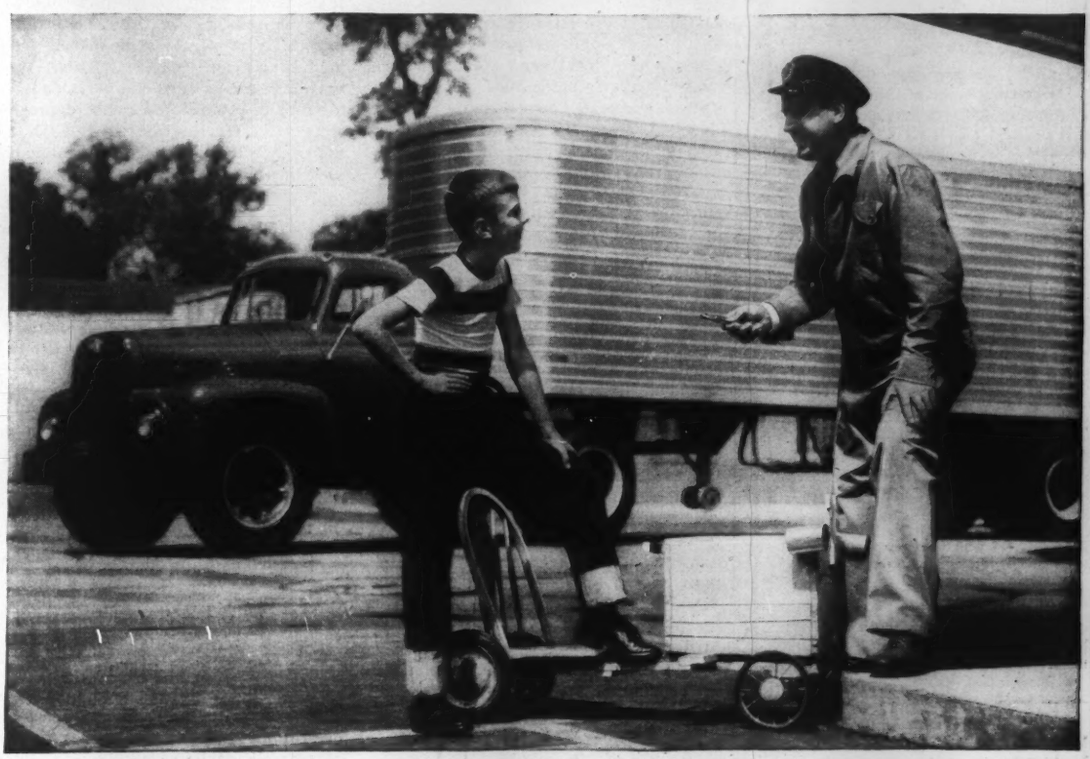
A basic fact to remember about Britain's continuing difficulties is that the cost of living for any manufacturing nation has risen considerably since the 1930's, comments Susan Strange in the London *Observer*. Then, when all raw materials were dirt-cheap, manufacturing nations were relatively well off. Since the war, the pendulum—or, as the economists say—the terms of trade, have begun to swing in the other direction. Quite apart from the wartime losses of foreign investment, Britain now has to produce more in order to pay for the same amount of food and raw materials. For a country which, like the United States, still produces almost all its own food and most of its raw materials within its own borders, this does not matter much. For Britain it does. And in 1951 the pendulum swung sharply even further against it.

In practical terms, this means that though Britain, by tightening her belt, was importing less than in 1938, the cost of her imports was on average four and a half times greater than before the war. By contrast, her exports though they were greater, were only three times as dear as prewar. If the terms of Britain's trade had not changed since 1938, the postwar increase in exports would now be paying for all that Britain needs to import. As it is, they pay for only 69 per cent of what is imported.

In 1951, this situation worsened so much that the cost of Britain's imports rose by 50 per cent over 1950, of which 35 per cent represented a rise in prices and fifteen per cent an increase in the amount, or volume, of imports. Exports, by contrast, earned 19 per cent more, of which three per cent represented an increase in volume, the rest an increase in price.

As one economist put it, "In the 1920's and 1930's the terms of trade went in Britain's favor. During the war and until 1950, Britain lost the advantage gained in the 1920's. In 1951—or, if you like, since devaluation—Britain lost all the advantages gained in the 1930's".

How to pay her way in these more difficult circumstances is Britain's fundamental economic problem, which is enormously complicated by the requirements of rearmament. In the statement by Mr. Thorneycroft referred to above, he also says: "The Government of the United Kingdom is fully conscious of the necessity of maintaining exports to the dollar areas . . . Our defence program is being rebalanced so as to ease the immediate burden on the metal-using industries and so enable exports of engineering goods to be increased. In addition, we shall restrict home investment and home consumption—even at the expense of the rebuilding of our blitzed cities, as well as home deliveries of all sorts of capital and consumer goods — in order to free resources to expand our export trade. And in that trade the dollar markets must continue to rank first."



"Thanks, mister-thanks a lot"

Boy: "Gee, you fixed my steering gear good, mister. You guys can fix anything, can't you?"

Truck Driver: "Nope. Even the best of us professional drivers can't fix kids like you if they get hurt."

Boy: "Whatd'ya mean, mister — who's gonna get hurt?"

Truck Driver: "Nobody — if they're careful. That's one reason you want to keep your rig in top shape all the time — so you won't have an accident. See that big truck of mine over there? . . ."

Boy: "Wow, that's a big one all right!"

Truck Driver: "Sure is. And where I work, the mechanics go over every inch of it before I take it out on the road. They keep it safe and sound."

Boy: "Then you take over, huh? Boy, I'll bet you're a good driver."

Truck Driver: "You mean a safe driver, sonny . . . in our business they're the same thing. You know why the best drivers alive are safe drivers? . . ."

Boy: "No. Why?"

Truck Driver: "Because careless drivers don't last long. Here — your wagon's set to roll. Now be a safe driver — and I won't charge you anything for the overhaul!"

Boy: "Sure. I'll be careful. And thanks a lot!"

• • •

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INSURANCE

MOTORING IN THE U.S.

by Douglas R. Weston

WITH the lifting of foreign exchange restrictions by Ottawa it is expected that a greater number of people than ever before will be spending vacations in the United States this year. Many of these visitors will use their own cars. Such travellers would be wise to check their automobile insurance, before leaving, to see if they are properly and adequately covered. Even a minor accident, coupled with lack of proper credentials which will prove financial responsibility, may result in a spoiled holiday.

The standard automobile policy states that coverage shall be provided the policyholder travelling in Canada and the U.S. (Mexico is excluded although coverage for motorists travelling in this country is probably obtainable by simple endorsement: this may be ascertained by checking with your insurance company) but, it must be remembered that in the U.S., like Canada, traffic laws and financial responsibility laws vary in different parts of the country.

The best and simplest procedure is, before you leave, to notify your insurance company or your agent that you intend to make a motor trip in the U.S. and give them, if possible, your probable itinerary. Your company or agent should be able to brief you on the financial responsibility laws of such states as you may pass through and they will provide you with an identity card, evidencing existence of a valid automobile policy. Your company or agent should also be able to tell you what steps to take in the event of an accident.

It must not be forgotten that damage awards in the U.S. have shown sharp jumps in recent years, far greater than they have in this country. In Canada you may have a $20,000-$40,000 policy and feel that you are adequately covered. But the recent record shows that awards of $50,000 or more in the United States have become increasingly common. Under these circumstances it might be advisable to increase your coverage. Also, it must not be forgotten that the legal limits are not the same in all states.

One good rule to follow while travelling in the U.S.—and in Canada for that matter—is to ignore hitch-hikers. Many municipalities forbid hitch-hiking. Drivers who have picked up hitch-hikers and who have been involved in minor accidents have found themselves confronted with damage suits for staggering sums. And while many such cases have been fraudulent or unwarranted, the kindhearted motorist has had his holiday spoiled and has sometimes been stuck with heavy expenses.

—Ting in London Free Press

"So you think beavers can't build waterways, eh?"

Tax Cost

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Quebec had collected the hypothetical 5 per cent of income tax it would still have been far worse off than under the Federal agreement.

Under the new and more generous Federal offer for the next five years Quebec's loss by staying out will be even greater. Its guaranteed minimum for the five years would be $85.6 million. The adjusted payment for next year would be at least $105 million. That's on the basis of the two-year average for gross national product. On the basis of the previous year's national product, Quebec would get $114 million in 1952-53. Even if it raised the 5 per cent of personal income tax permitted, plus corporation taxes and succession duties, Quebec cannot hope to collect this amount of revenue on its own.

AS M. DUPLESSIS contemplates the tax agreements, he may be attracted by one Federal option which none of the agreeing provinces have yet wanted to use. Ottawa does not insist on the agreeing provinces giving up succession duties. They may, if they wish, continue to keep these in their own hands; and Quebec might want to. What Ottawa would do in that case is to refund up to half its own succession duties if an estate paid them to the Province. So the Province couldn't gain financially unless its rate of succession duty was more than half the Federal rate.

In sum, Quebec can hardly fail to gain financially by coming into the new Federal-Provincial tax agreements. The Ontario case is less clear. By collecting the permitted 5 per cent of personal income tax, Ontario could at any time in the last five years, have increased its revenues above the Federal offer. But short of such an income tax—which presents formidable difficulties of collection—Ontario revenues have always fallen short of what the Federal payments would have been. If the current year proves to be an exception, it will be the first one, and there won't be much margin on the Provincial side.

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LAURENTIAN TRAILS

THE WAY DOWN: ON THE WAY UP

by Noel Hubbard

IN THE ANNALS of Canada's sports, there are references to skiing dating as far back as 1759 but it was not until the early 1930's that it started to contend with ice skating as a favorite winter sport.

Today, most of the skiing done in eastern Canada is enjoyed in Montreal's own backyard — the rolling Laurentian Mountains. In fact, Montreal itself is reputed to be the scene of the first Canadian ski activities. In 1881, skiers were appearing on the slopes of the 700-foot-high Mount Royal and several years later, a group of travelled university professors gave the sport a boost when they ventured out on the mountain-side on long, narrow Finnish skis. A unique feature of the mountain is the Montreal Police Department's ski patrol, members of which are expert skiers and proficient in first aid.

The Laurentian Highlands, which includes Laurentides Park, with its 2,000 miles of perfect ski terrain, are patterned by a 1,000-mile network of well-kept and equally well-marked ski trails. Foremost among these is the famed Maple Leaf trail which begins at Shawbridge and continues northward for 100 miles through most of the major resorts to the town of Labelle.

Perhaps St. Sauveur, some 40 miles north of Montreal, could be termed the focal point of the skiing fraternity. Certainly the celebrated "Pub" at St. Sauveur, has been host to more tall tales and dramatic episodes than any other similar establishment on the North American continent. Stories pertaining to the Swiss Alps, Austrian Tyrol, Sun Valley, the Rockies and the Laurentians, circulate with a nonchalance born of long practice, from young and old alike. One skier in his late fifties explained the sport by saying; "Skiing isn't just a sport—it's a way of life."

—Photos courtesy Canadian National Railways

TOW DESIGNS VARY. THIS IS T-BAR AT ST. SAUVEUR

At St. Sauveur, for the downhill ski fans, there's the fast Hill 70 and its neighbors, Hills 67 and 71. Set in a picturesque valley, the town has slopes for both the expert and the novice—and for those who class themselves midway between the two. There are 15 rope tows, two T-bar lifts and a J-bar lift in operation.

TYPICAL OF THE REGION: STREET SCENE, MORIN HEIGHTS

There are more than thirty major resort towns and a score of smaller places that have excellent ski hills, hotels, tows and of course—the inevitable "Bistro" for the weary skier. Mont Rolland, Ste. Adele, Ste. Marguerite Station, Val Morin, St. Jovite and famed Mont Tremblant (Trembling Mountain) are among the more famed ski centres almost directly north of Montreal.

To the north-east of Montreal, good skiing can be found at Morin Heights, with its popular Kicking Horse downhill trail, Christieville, with its ski jump and open slopes, Montfort, Shawbridge, Lac Guidon, Lac Lachigan and Mont Gabriel.

Laurentides Park in the Laurentians is the best developed ski area, but resort owners and skiers are now going outside the actual park boundaries to open new territory. Lake Macdonald, near Weir, is an excellent example. A 500-foot downhill run through birch and evergreen forests has been completed and work started on a 1,400-foot downhill trail.

To date, millions of dollars have been spent in opening up the Laurentian area, but the opportunity for new growth is by no means closed. Hundreds of square miles are still in the embryo stage as far as ski developments are concerned and only await initiative and capital to become excellent skiing terrain.

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ENROLMENT

The enrolment in the Senior School is limited to 175 boys and in the Junior School to 75 boys. For over ten years the available vacancies have been taken many months in advance and boys are entered until 1962. There are still some places available for September 1952.

SCHOLARSHIPS

Memorial Scholarships to the value of $500 a year are offered for annual competition; candidates write the regular entrance examinations at the beginning of May.

BURSARIES

Many bursaries of varying amounts are awarded annually to deserving boys. These are endowed bursaries, and those given by the Old Boys' Association, the Ladies' Guild and other friends of the School.

Further information will be gladly given on request to the Headmaster,

PHILIP KETCHUM, M.A.

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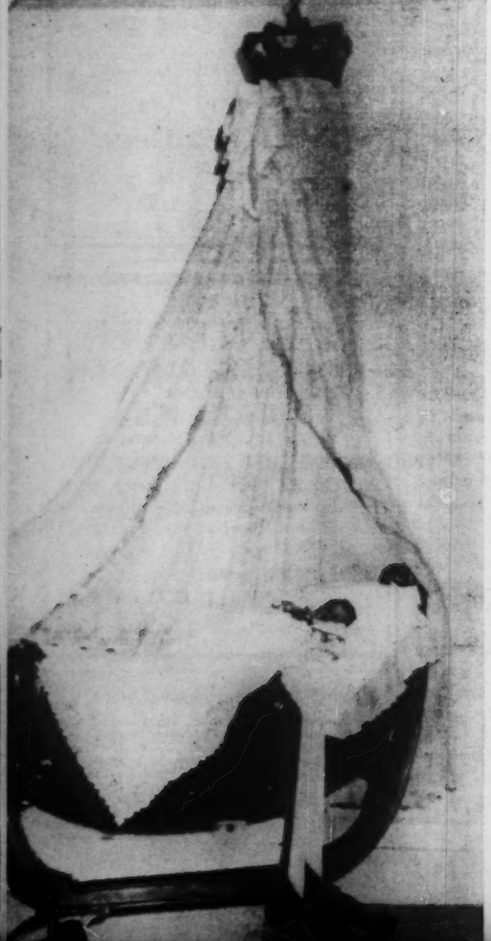
KING FAROUK and Queen Narriman, 18, whom he married after divorcing the son-less Farida.

A SON AT LAST! Birth of Crown Prince Ahmed Fuad Jan. 16, was occasion for jubilation in Egypt.



MAKE MINE . . . A BOY

by Svanhuit Josie

Which do you want, a son or a daughter? Tradition, economics, your own sex, may influence your preference. But Mother Nature still has the last word.

AGNES MACPHAIL has come up with a new explanation as to why there are so few women in public office in Canada. She says it's because mothers dote so much on the boys that the female ego is permanently underdeveloped.

If Miss Macphail is right—and many believe she is—then we have the remedy in our own hands. The girls can hardly look to the male side of the house to correct this situation. For it's well known that even men who are proud of their daughters are likely to take just a little bit more pride in their sons.

And we can forgive the men. Because there are deep-rooted reasons for their desire that their offspring should be male—particularly the first-born. Nowadays they are sometimes reluctant to admit it. But in ancient societies they made no bones about their preference. Oriental peoples found boys more useful on the farm than girls. And there were also serious considerations of religion and social prestige.

Even today, parents in many parts of the world are influenced by these things. In Egypt, for instance, the birth of a boy is the occasion for great rejoicing, but girl babies are of little importance. So little, indeed, that in some areas still-births of girls are not even notified. Yet every boy is reported with pride whether born alive or not.

In 1948 King Farouk went so far as to divorce his beautiful Queen and childhood sweetheart because she had presented him with three daughters and no sons. It was no laughing matter. For the Egyptian constitution provides that only males can succeed to the throne. Now King Farouk's problem has been solved. The King's luck changed with his new partner. This despite the fact that science tells us it's papa who determines baby's sex.

FARMERS EVERYWHERE still put a high value on boys. And no wonder, with so much "fetching and carrying" to do. But in the city there's less difference between boys and girls in potential earning power. You'd think, then, that with the rapid growth of cities on this continent the preference for boys would be dying out. But according to the sociologists that's not how things are going.

A number of studies of this matter were carried on in the United States in the thirties. They came to the conclusion that it's the white collar workers and people in the upper socio-economic classes who are most anxious of all to have sons.

There is nothing to support this in the results of an investigation just released by the Milbank Memorial Fund. But it does show that as far as most fathers are concerned it's still the same old story, "Make mine a boy." This study deals with Preference for Children of Given Sex in Relation to Fertility. It's part of an extensive inquiry into Social and Psychological Factors Affecting Fertility that's been going on for some years now.

The conclusions are based on interviews with 1,444 Indianapolis couples, matched as to social characteristics and duration of marriage. Fathers and mothers were asked separately, "If you could have only one child, would you rather have:—a boy;—a girl;—don't care?"

Over half the mothers and 42 per cent of the fathers said they had no preference. But the interesting thing is that 48 per cent of the fathers and 22 per cent of the mothers admitted they'd choose a boy. About 25 per cent of the mothers and only 10 per cent of the fathers expressed preference for a girl.

IT SEEMS, then, that even among city folks more parents want boys than girls. And fathers are more anxious than mothers to have sons. Why?

Perhaps it's more satisfying to the man's ego to have a child in his own image. Also, husbands seem to attach a little more importance than wives to the carrying on of the family name. Then the investigators mention the "folk notion" that having a son is associated with the father's masculinity. But not all students of these matters believe this is just a folk notion.

One of those who hold a contrary view is Dr. Marianne E. Bernstein, whose opinion is based on statistical and other studies in the field among a large number of American families.

Dr. Bernstein says some men have more male hormones than others. This may influence the sex of their offspring. She has recently reported that, "In families where the fathers are members of the armed forces, business executives, politicians, lawyers, farmers, abstract scientists like astronomers, mathematicians, etc., the sex ratio of 5,400 children was found to be 120 boys for every 100 girls.

"However, in families where the fathers were in professions in which many famous women were engaged—*i.e.*, actors, social workers, child educators, fiction writers, and all kinds of artists—the sex ratio for 1,800 children was found to be 85 boys for every 100 girls born."

So even the experts disagree as to whether or not father's masculinity has anything to do with baby's sex.

Although many people in the Indianapolis survey were open-minded about the sex of the first child, their attitude changed when they considered having two and only two. In that case the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

—Federal

ARCHITECTURAL STYLE of Havergal is attuned to its English traditions.

"OLD GIRL" APPOINTED

HEADMISTRESS OF HAVERGAL

by Rica Farquharson

"I'M COMING in some day to have my photograph taken." The scene: a downtown Toronto studio. The speaker; a slim, dark, young-looking, woman.

The photographer: an authoritative young man with tousled blonde hair and light sports coat, replied, bluntly:

"Oh, no, you'll just sit down and I'll do the job right away."

The above little scene took place after Catherine Steele had been appointed Headmistress of Havergal College, Toronto. The fact that the gifted young photographer is one of her three brothers explains the fact that even a Headmistress sometimes submits to orders. John Steele got the picture that illustrates this article.

This is the first time an "old girl" of the school and a Canadian has been chosen as directing spirit. Miss Steele follows three distinguished Heads, all English-born, Miss Ellen Mary Knox, Miss Marian Wood, Miss G. E. Millard.

Asked to express some of her feelings in regard to the place of the private school in today's Canada, Miss Steele said that she believed the private or "independent" school had an important role in development of young Canada. A Mistress or Master could get to know each student more intimately because of small classes, permitting a greater degree of individual instruction. She hoped to know every girl at Havergal, especially the shy ones who might have difficulty in expressing themselves.

PRIVATE SCHOOLS for boys or girls have had a strong impact upon Canadian life. Sometimes, they are misunderstood by those who know little about them. Usually, they have had a religious, as well as educational, flavor. In most cases character development has had a dominant role and interplay of learning and sports been stressed. During the last war many British girls were in attendance. Thus a stronger link was forged with the Motherland. Usually, there are enough students from other countries or other parts of the country in residence to encourage broader understanding of other people's problems.

Established private or "independent" schools are inspected for academic standing by departments of education. If financially sound, they are likely to continue to function for years. Sometimes, small schools have closed their doors because they were only equipped to carry a limited number of pupils and soaring costs forced them to cease operating. In other cases, private sources of money had ceased to exist.

Schools, such as Havergal Ladies' College which grew into Havergal College, emphasize "tradition". In early days much "tradition" came from England where, admittedly, they seemed to have many of the "right" answers to the boarding school question. Today there are Canadian "traditions", superimposed upon the English. Miss Steele hopes to continue the two while remembering she is preparing the modern girl to face a complex world of tomorrow.

In 1894 a school for girls was closing its doors on Jarvis Street, Toronto. A group of gentlemen, led by the Honorable S. H. Blake, formed an organization to take over the building. A search for a Head took them to Cheltenham School, England, and Miss Knox, daughter of the Vicar of Exton.

—John Steele

CATHERINE STEELE

In an atmosphere of gracious simplicity, she had been influenced by her father, a combination of scholar, statesman, saint and man of the world. She had taught in the village Infant School, gone to Oxford; taken her examinations from St. Hugh's.

Upon receiving the Toronto invitation, she went to her brother, the Bishop of Coventry, for advice. He believed Canada was on the eve of great development and that his sister had the makings of an Empire Builder. As a result, for thirty years in Canada, thousands of girls passed under the influence of Miss Knox. Former colleagues at Havergal became Headmistresses of nine girls' schools, stretching from Banff, Alberta, to St. John's Newfoundland.

Catherine Steele is of Scottish stock. Her family, for generations, have been in the seed business in Toronto. She graduated from Havergal, 1928; from University of Toronto, 1932, Honor BA English; attended Ontario College of Education and spent five years as head of history department, Havergal. After a year off to study for her MA in Sociology at Columbia University, where she lived at International House, she went overseas with Canadian Children's Service; nursery workers, teachers, social workers, on loan to British Government during the war.

Miss Steele taught in a London factory district through V2 and rocket raid and also in a Quaker school for children, eleven to fifteen.

After the war Miss Steele taught matriculation subjects to veterans at Ryerson Rehabilitation Centre, Toronto. The veterans, she recalls, were among the most interested of students. Lately, she has had fun as supervisor of education division Royal Ontario Museum. Because history and current events are "pets," she is delighted to find today's youth especially keen about the McCrae Collection; models illustrating Old Ontario's Pioneer Life.

Miss Steele says that every place she has found co-operation. She feels things get done when people work together in friendly fashion. Quietly confident, she returns to her old school.

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MAKE MINE A BOY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

great majority of both fathers and mothers wanted one of each sex. Very few said they'd prefer two of a kind. Less than 10 per cent of both fathers and mothers chose two boys. Around 10 per cent of the mothers wanted two girls. But the fathers disagreed. Only three per cent of them were in favor of two girls in the family.

Fortunately, however, children have a way of winning their parents over in short order. Even when mother and dad have decided views on the matter beforehand, these are often reversed on the basis of what the stork brings. Which helps to explain why so many parents of one child said if they could only have one they'd choose the sex of their own first-born.

Perhaps dad is a bit more difficult to win over than mother. For 19 per cent of the fathers and only three per cent of the mothers of one girl still admitted preference for a boy.

The investigators believe parents of one child might think they'd still want John or Jane if they could have no more children. Likewise, those with two children would probably feel that if they were limited to two they'd keep their own. (One wonders if there might not be a slight feeling that any other suggestion would be disloyal.)

Naturally, parents lucky enough to have a boy and a girl were almost unanimous in regarding this as ideal. But what about people who already have three or more? Do they want boys or girls?

Their answers seemed to depend to a considerable extent on whether or not their children were of the "sex preferred". When the first and last children were of opposite sex the preference was "somewhat more highly correlated with sex of the first child than with sex of the last".

Couples with two or more children of the same sex keep on hoping for one of the opposite sex. To the question, "How much were you and your husband (wife) encouraged to have your last child by . . . wanting a boy if you had only girls, or a girl if you had only boys?" roughly two-thirds of the wives and almost as many husbands admitted that this factor influenced them. A great many said, "very much". The proportion so influenced increased with the number of children all of one sex in the family.

IT SEEMS that if parents get the sex they want in the first two children they're more likely to leave well enough alone. If not, they keep on trying. In England, a man named W. J. Weaver was recently called to serve on a jury in Birmingham. When he was asked what his initials stood for he said, "My mother and daddy had eleven daughters in a row. They decided to call me Welcome John."

Unlike Mrs. Weaver, most wives are not willing to keep on trying for a child of given sex beyond the second or third. And that's understandable. For we know now that if chance alone determines the matter, the risk of having three of a kind is one in four. There's one chance in eight that you'll have four of one sex, and one in 16 of getting five girls or five boys.

It's easy to see, then, that many people must bow to the inevitable.

Unlike previous studies, the Indianapolis survey doesn't establish a general preference for boys. But it does show that even in this day and age a great many men put a higher value on sons than daughters.

So it's still a man's world. But let's stop complaining. If we want to produce the courageous women we need for public life, we'll have to build up the ego of our own sex.

■ A series of lectures, "New Facets of Equality," is being sponsored by the six Business and Professional Women's Clubs in the Toronto area. Speakers will discuss the new legislation affecting women in Ontario, i.e., amendments to the Jury Act, permitting women to serve on juries, and the equal-pay bill. Lecturers include the Hon. Mr. Justice J. C. McRuer; J. Douglas Conover, Sheriff of York County; F. G. MacKay, QC, of Owen Sound, Ont.; the Hon. Mr. Justice J. Keiller Mackay; Margot Thompson of the United Steelworkers of America; Mrs. Margaret Ashdown, Secretary-Treasurer of the Coleman Lamp and Stove Company Ltd.; Margaret P. Hyndman, QC. The lectures will be held for six Fridays, commencing February 29 through to April 4.

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NEWS ABOUT WOMEN

JUST when we think we've listed about all the honors that can come to 17-year-old golfer MARLENE STEWART of Fonthill, Ont., another crops up. Latest honor is her selection for the Lou E. Marsh Memorial Trophy. It's annually awarded to Canada's outstanding athlete, amateur or pro, and Marlene is the first golfer to win it and the second woman. Previously, in 1945, 1947 and 1948, the award went to BARBARA ANN SCOTT.

■ New President of the Ontario Association of Agricultural Societies is MRS. NORMAN HYSLOP of Caledonia.

■ DORIS PLEWES, Acting Director of the Physical Fitness Division of the Federal Health Department, was recently honored by the decoration of the *Fédération Internationale de Gymnastique Ling* of Stockholm, Sweden. The award is for outstanding leaders in physical education and this is the first time a Canadian has been so honored.

■ FRANCES HYLAND is a Canadian who leaped from drama festivals to the London stage. A few years ago this former Regina and University of Saskatchewan actress was sent to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London by a scholarship raised by the Saskatchewan IODE and the Regina Little Theatre. After graduation she played in "A Streetcar Named Desire" with Vivien Leigh. Last month she made a hit in a new play premièred in London, "The Same Sky." Said the London *Times*: "Miss Hyland gives the heroine poise, charm and pathos."

■ Winner of a $300 scholarship by the Western Stage Society and a $500 one by the Canadian Council of Jewish Women is JUNE FAIBISH, at present attending the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, London, England. Actress Faibish of Shaunavon, Sask., is a Drama grad of the U of Saskatchewan and a former member of Western Stage Society.

■ The Regina Caledonian Club recently celebrated its 30th anniversary, with one of the original curlers present, MRS. MARY DONALDSON.

A TRIBUTE

by Lucille Chaplan

WE KNOW now what to tell them — our American friends. Perhaps we should have understood sooner, but lacking the words, the emotion was always there—warm, and strong, and true. We were sorry for the Americans who had no royal family and had to turn from one frantic idolatry to another—statesman, flagpole-sitter, sportsman, screen star — in their unconscious search for *something*.

"But how can you stand having a King tell you what to do?" they asked.

"The King doesn't tell us what to do," we would explain patiently. "If anything, we tell *him*."

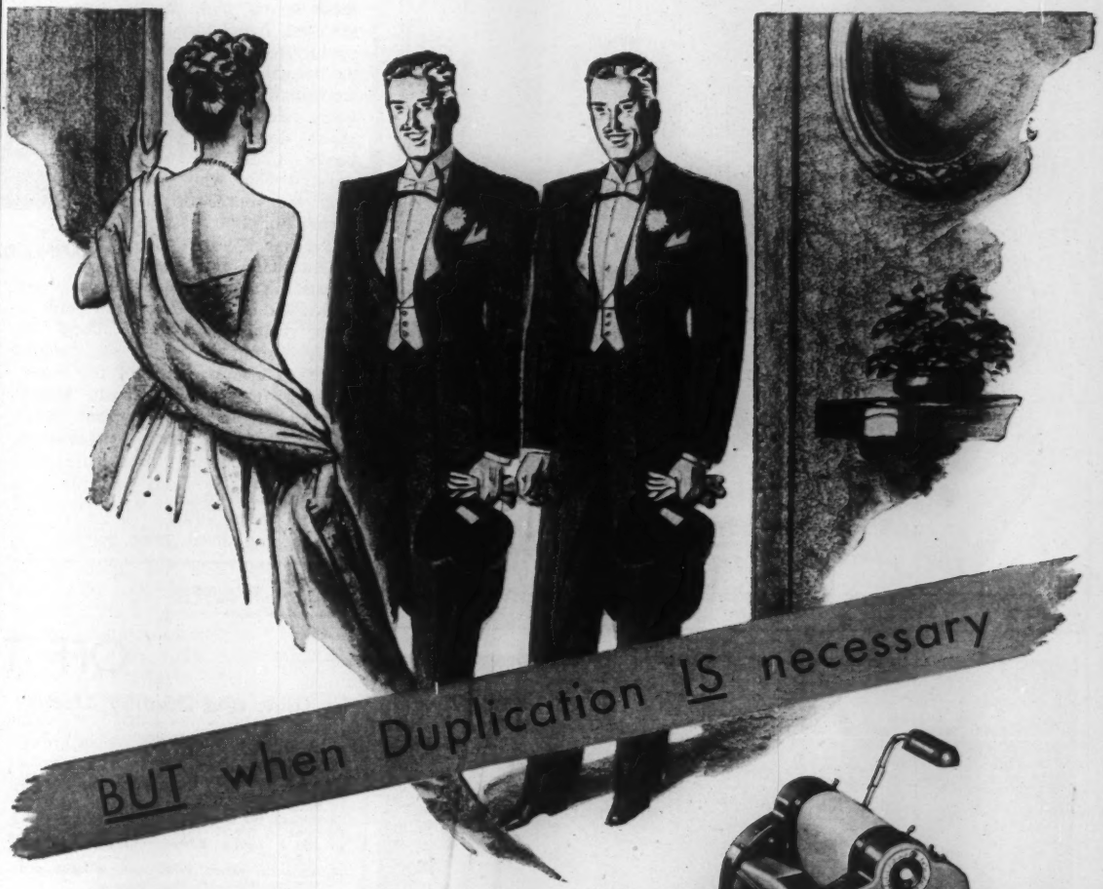
"Then if he doesn't do anything, why do you keep him? One of these days you'll wake up and kick out the whole gang of them and join the good old U.S.A.—what are you laughing at?"

We never knew, until now.

"What's the King to you?" they asked. "What's the Royal Family?"

In our deep, shocked, *personal* grief at the loss of our beloved Sovereign, the answer is clear. The Royal Family is *our* family. To every person in the British Empire, regardless of social standing or racial origin, the family in Buckingham palace is a part of his own family group—beloved cousins, perhaps. We rejoice in their joys, take pride in their achievements, mourn for their sorrows, and — their bereavement being ours also—we weep with them.

We did not "belong to a King", American friends. A King belonged to us.



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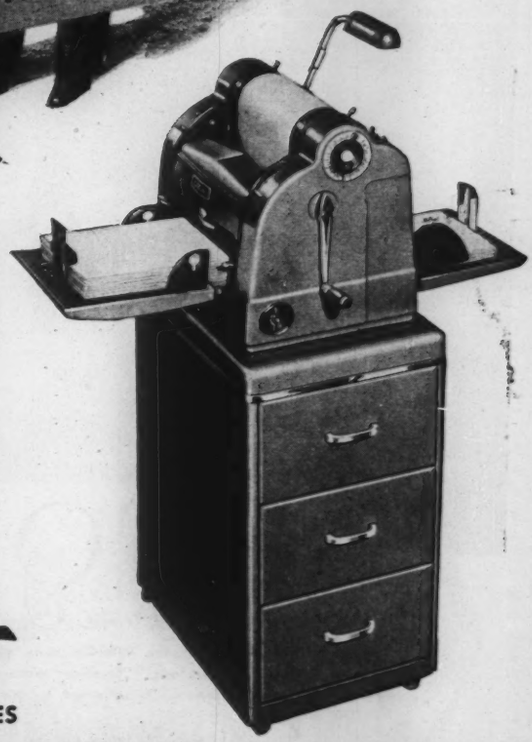

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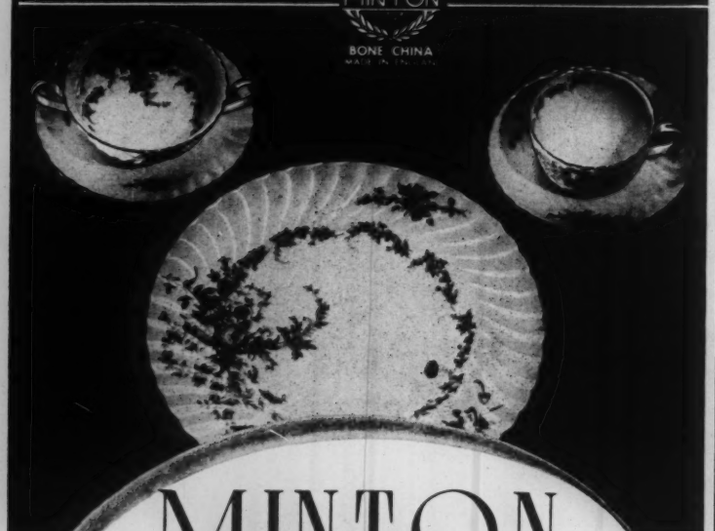

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CONCERNING FOOD

TAKE SOME FRESH SHRIMP

by Marjorie Thompson Flint

OTHER DAY we saw great kettles of steaming fresh cooked shrimp at the fish vendor's—the shrimp boats had definitely arrived! The cost of a pound of these savory pink morsels was more than we could afford that day so we bought a package of smoked fillets and went home determined to shake down the piggy banks. Lucky the seacoast dweller who lives near the source of the shrimp supply!

—Minute Rice

CHAFING DISH for rice and shrimp. Recipe below.

Perchance you're due to entertain very special guests. You can splurge on these delicacies of the deep and with a wily recipe stretch a pound of fresh shrimp to serve six people. Here's a classic recipe of the South adapted to suit northern tastes. Shrimp Creole is an excellent buffet dish and is handsome served from a chafing dish.

Shrimp Creole

3 tbsps. butter
¼ cup diced green pepper
¼ cup minced onion
½ cup diced celery

Melt butter in saucepan, add vegetables and sauté for 5 minutes. Add 1 tbsp. flour, blend and then gradually stir in 1¾ cups canned tomatoes. Add ½ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. sugar, 1 bay leaf, small sprig parsley. Let simmer covered for 30 minutes.

Meanwhile prepare ¾ pound cooked fresh or frozen shrimp (about 1 cup). Remove bay leaf and parsley

BRAIN-TEASER

OFF TO A BAD START

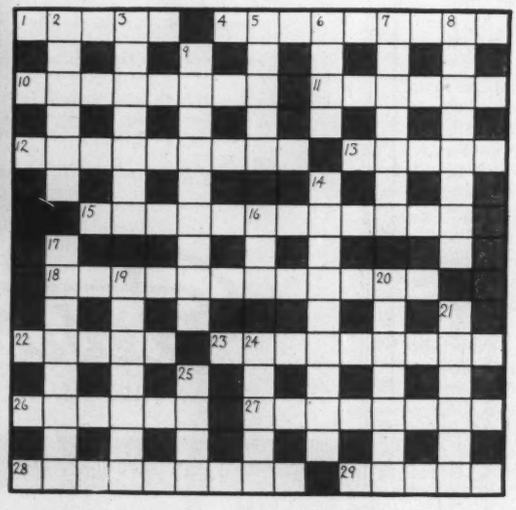
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. See 15
4. Shoot the child! (9)
10. Study the shifting scene without in secret. (8)
11. Skin you can't stand to touch? (6)
12. Sonata for the P.M.? (9)
13. Cook is, for 17. (5)
15. and 1. Levi's "Lives" will give you one. (1,6,2,3,5)
18. Mother's taken back her consent concerning wine. (6, 6)
22. False beard. (5)
23. Make love on three feet. (9)
26. Laze around, between articles, and you'll make a bloomer. (6)
27. It's sensible for the French to go back to a wartime measure. (8)
28. She's devilishly persuasive! (9)
29. Summer? (5)

DOWN

2. In heaven, dormers are built around him. (6)
3. To study in secular surroundings makes one sententious. (7)
5. Outlook provided on art and science by 18. (5)
6. Synonymously the head is shaken by them. (4)
7. Band to rent? (7)
8. Result of a broken engagement? (3-5)
9. I pot deans from down under. (9)
14. Work with James Fenimore over tea. (9)
16. This pet is all over the floor! (3)
17. To do this is a diverting way to make money. (8)
19. Cops all like seafood. (7)
20. Will this other half of 18 "act" upon the 18's suggestions? (7)
21. The 18 should create more interest in those who wish to. (6)
24. It's actually for iris if taken out by the root. (5)
25. To Henry VIII she must have sounded like an average wife. (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Opera Festival
10. Icing 11. Sun
12. See 30 across
13. Rut
14. Lunge
15. Rests
16. Treatise
18. Cobweb
23. Oberon
24. Day by day
26. Manon
29. See 30 across
30, 29 and 12. The Magic Flute
30 and 34. The Bartered Bride 31. Moron
32. Lea 33. Limit
34. See 30 across

DOWN

2. Print 3. Rigoletto
4. Fastness 5. Singer
6. Infer 7. Abuts
8. Libretto 9. Legs
17. Eve
19. Orbicular
20. Wad
21. Bayreuth
22. Vanguard
25. Smiler 26. Mimi
27. Norma 28. Nonet
30. Timid

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in SATURDAY NIGHT

from tomato sauce and add shrimp and ½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce. Taste and reseason. Serve with hot rice. Yield: 4-5 servings.

1 package pre-cooked rice gives the right amount for the above recipe. Follow directions on package for cooking. Arrange on platter and cover with shrimp mixture or serve separately as in photo.

Note: 1-2 teaspoons chili powder may be added with tomatoes if desired.

Very good and definitely kind to the budget is another member of King Neptune's family—tuna fish. Combined with "pastas" and a good sauce you have a wonderful casserole dish to vary the week's menus.

Devilled Spaghetti and Tuna

1 tbsp. salt
3 quarts boiling water
8 ounces ready-cut spaghetti
1 10½ ounce can condensed cream of asparagus soup
1 cup milk
1 7 ounce can tuna fish, drained
1½ tbsps. lemon juice
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
2 tbsps. chopped onion
Salt and pepper to taste.

Add 1 tablespoon salt to rapidly boiling water. Gradually add spaghetti so that water continues to boil. Cook uncovered, stirring occasionally, until tender. Drain in colander. In a saucepan combine soup, milk, tuna which has been broken up with a fork, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, onion, salt and pepper; mix well. Add cooked spaghetti and stir together. Place in 1½ quart greased baking dish or casserole and bake in moderate oven (350°) 30 minutes. Yield: 4-6 servings.

Slightly more exotic and suited to serve the "girls" for a luncheon are Crab Cakes. Here's the recipe and the nice part of it is you can get the mussy part over with the day before.

Crab Cakes

3 tbsps. butter or margarine
3 tbsps. flour
1 cup milk
1 egg yolk, slightly beaten
2 cups flaked cooked or canned crabmeat
1 tbsp. chopped parsley
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
1 tbsp. sherry
½ tsp. monosodium glutamate
Salt to taste

Melt butter or margarine, blend in flour and add milk stirring until mixture is thickened and smooth. Add a little of this sauce to egg yolk; return to remaining sauce and stir over low heat for 1 minute. Add remaining ingredients and blend. Taste and reseason. Let mixture cool and then chill thoroughly or overnight. Shape mixture into 10 or 12 flat cakes. Dip in 1 slightly beaten egg and 1 tbsp. water combined and then in fine dry bread crumbs. Sauté to a golden brown on both sides in butter or salad oil.

Serve forth two cakes per guest with fresh mushroom sauce, green beans and slivered almonds and a baked tomato. Serves 5-6.

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OTTAWA VIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

when he left school in 1915; learned to fly at his own expense; transferred to the Royal Naval Air Service and was a fighter pilot overseas from 1916 to '18 (DSC and bar). After the war he again served for eight years in the army, as an officer of the Toronto Scottish. Then he helped form Toronto's auxiliary air force squadron and came into the RCAF fulltime at the beginning of the war. Now Air Marshal Curtis is, unbelievably, 58; but he still likes to pilot himself and does as neat a landing as any of his junior officers. His youthful vigor is the spark behind the RCAF's colossal expansion program.

Claxton's Lucky Day

THERE is real urgency about getting F86's to the Royal Air Force, and the deal has been under consideration for more than a year. At one time it was hoped that Canadair would be able to start deliveries to Britain last summer. But the bottleneck is not at Canadair; it is in the supply of engines and instruments from the U.S. By the agreement at last concluded the U.S. will supply more of these, and Canadair can produce more airframes. The Canadian share of the cost will be well over half.

Unfortunately the announcement does not say when the increased deliveries from the U.S. start; and there is no evidence that anything is going to happen immediately.

The reason for announcing the agreement now is that Canadair had to have an official letter of the Government's intentions, and the U.S. Government just got Senate Committee approval to allocate the funds in next year's appropriations.

It is—to put it modestly—convenient for the Government to be able to announce the deal now. It will lend some corroborative detail to the story of Canada's help for NATO which might otherwise have made a pretty bald and unconvincing narrative.

New Cabinet Minister

THE appointment of Alcide Coté to succeed Edouard Rinfret as Postmaster-General really was a surprise: the PM's office did not conceal its satisfaction that it had completely routed the press speculation for once. I think Alcide Coté has spoken in the House three times since his election in 1945: some of the speeches lasted less than two minutes. He has established, therefore, two things which are not necessary to an aspirant for Cabinet office: it is not necessary to do a lot of parliamentary speaking, and it is not necessary to be a Parliamentary Assistant to a minister.

When he does speak on the hustings, the new minister is a powerful orator. He also has plenty of experience of administration as Mayor of St. John's, Que., from 1945 to '49. He is very well liked in the House of Commons and certainly hadn't been pushing himself forward for office. PM St. Laurent's surprise appointment looks good.

THE LIGHTER SIDE

THE TEN WORST-DRESSED

by Mary Lowrey Ross

NOT long ago I spent an interesting evening with a local group which claims to number among its membership Canada's Ten Worst-Dressed Men. The organization has never received any public recognition, but its members have many original theories about men's apparel and the finer points of careless grooming. A number of them very kindly allowed themselves to be quoted on some of the recognized principles of bad dressing.

"I usually like to strike a note of conservatism," said a Mr. Alfred Dumfree. "Bad dressing should achieve the right blend of individual distinction and gentlemanly restraint. It is just as serious a mistake to be over-decorous about bad dressing as to be over-casual. A candidate for the distinction of belonging to the group of Canada's worst-dressed men should be able to strike a pleasing balance between looking like a Well-Kept Grave and an Unmade Bed."

A Mr. Rumplemayer interrupted to say that the ideal of the Unmade Bed, a description first applied to the late Heywood Broun, has done more than anything else to lower the standards of bad dressing.

"The Unmade Bed look goes too far in the direction of studied carelessness," he declared. "What we should strive for is an effect of orderliness, with haphazard results—rather as though you had pulled up the covers without straightening things underneath."

A MR. BELFAST, one of the younger members, disagreed with both these gentlemen.

"Personally I favor a more aggressive approach to bad dressing," he said, "or, as the Men's Fashion Council recently put it, 'a gay, gallic zest in everyday dress.' A tie patterned in 'The Donkey's Serenade' or a bow-tie that can be illuminated by a concealed battery will do wonders to establish the wearer's reputation as one of the worst-dressed men."

Most of the members felt, however, that to reach a high level of bad dressing men's dress should be conservative, casual, or both at once.

"Take my case," said a Mr. Dumtruc. "My coat-collars never hug the back of my shirt-collar, my lapels are always pressed and my pants unpressed, and my coat-sleeves tend to creep up my arms. I wear high shoes, dark-blue ties with brown suits and brown ties with blue suits and I trim my own hair at the back."

"I think I may say without boasting that I don't repel members of the opposite sex," he added, "they never even see me."

I asked Mr. Dumtruc whether dowdiness in his case was a special aptitude or a deliberately applied policy.

"Both," he replied, "though I believe I have a natural flair for it."

A Mr. Tweedie declared emphatically that unsound tailoring was the first principle of bad dressing.

"At one time," he said, "it was possible to find very good examples of unsound tailoring in the ready-to-wear sections of country stores, but unfortunately this source of supply has been badly cut down by the mail-order business."

MR. TWEEDIE very obligingly modelled his own suit, a striking example of unsound tailoring. When asked where it would be possible to purchase such a suit he shook his head.

"As a matter of fact my wife made it," he said.

I ventured to inquire whether it was Mr. Tweedie's idea or Mrs. Tweedie's to sew the sleeves in the wrong arm-holes and Mr. Tweedie smiled deprecatingly. "I guess it was just one of those lucky accidents," he said.

Mr. Rumplemayer interrupted at this point to point out that the return of the Edwardian vest as announced in the recent Men's Fashion Forecast promised to be one of the season's brighter auguries for Canada's worst-dressed men.

"The vest is the Worst-Dressed Man's best friend," he declared enthusiastically. "It wrinkles easily, it is press-proof, and it is a natural repository for poached egg."

The problem of hats occupied a great deal of the group's attention. Mr. Rumplemayer stated that he had heard that the stiffness could be removed from a new snap-brim hat simply by running it through the family Mixmaster, though he admitted that he hadn't tried the experiment. Mr. Dumtruc made the point that no badly-dressed man should possess more than one hat at a time, or should purchase more than one hat every ten years.

At the end of the evening the group decided unanimously to write to Mr. Bing Crosby, inviting him to act as the group's Honorary President.

"Mr. Crosby," declared Mr. Rumplemayer, "is the only man in public life who can make an Eisenhower jacket look as thought it had been specially tailored for somebody else."

The meeting then adjourned.

THE SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

From the Company's 1951 ANNUAL REPORT

SUMMARY OF LEADING FEATURES

Premium and Annuity Income	$ 2,960,637
Interest, Dividends and Rents	863,139
Total Cash Receipts	4,054,703
Payments to Policyholders and Beneficiaries	1,144,394
Policy Reserves	19,184,422
Total Assets	22,211,330
New Insurance Issued	17,072,116
Insurance in Force	110,979,790

RATE OF GROWTH IN LAST 10 YEARS

	1941	1951
Total Cash Receipts	$ 1,660,980	$ 4,054,703
New Insurance Issued	6,395,944	17,072,116
Insurance in Force	37,693,123	110,979,790
Policy Reserves	7,271,105	19,184,422
Total Assets	8,644,043	22,211,330
Unassigned Surplus	137,714	625,000

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WINDSOR HOSPITAL: Tot's Magicland

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

Then, without warning, we walked in on Francis and Billy and Richard and Joanne and Jerry and Ruth Anne and the other cerebral-palsy children. I had never seen a cerebral-palsy victim before and I'm ashamed to say that I reacted as stupidly as is possible and mumbled something like . . . "I suppose this is the mentally retarded class."

Miss Box showed remarkable restraint by merely saying, "Indeed they are nothing of the kind. Right now they are learning reading and arithmetic the same as any other children." Then she went on to explain that cerebral palsy is caused by an injury to the regions of the brain (before birth, during birth or by severe cases of meningitis or encephalitis) that govern muscular control and only in rare cases does it affect the intelligence at all.

But she explained that the damage to the brain can never be repaired. This means that cerebral-palsy children cannot learn to walk and talk and control their hands the way other children do. Every impulse from muscle to brain must go by a new and circuitous route.

"Look at Billy there," she said, pointing to a little blond chap who had special braces on his legs and whose hands were held back over his shoulders. "When he first came here two years ago his knees were drawn up into his stomach, his hands were clutched tightly in his hair and he chewed his tongue. Now he can read, count backwards from ten and has twice managed to hit the plasticine with his elbows."

It was time for Carol Anne to practice standing. Her mother, Mrs. Cora Stephenson, who works at the workshop as a volunteer and is one of the leaders in the parents' association, and Miss Box took her out of her chair, laid her on her back and tightened up her leg braces. Then she was placed at the standing table which is really a big box with little stalls around the edges that prevent the children from falling over.

Mrs. Stephenson, who like most of the children's parents has studied the disease extensively, explained that there are two main types of cerebral palsy—athetoid and spastic. Athetosis is characterized by involuntary and unorganized muscle movements while in spasticity the muscles are tense and contracted. About 85 per cent of cerebral palsy victims, she explained, have one of these two types. The others may have ataxia (damage to brain cells controlling balance), tremor or rigidity. The last two types are the result of extensive brain damage that may affect the centres of learning. This very small percentage are the only mental defectives among cerebral-palsy children. Until very recently it was thought that all victims had retarded learning ability simply because they had so much difficulty expressing themselves.

Cerebral-palsy children, I learned later, were until recently the most neglected of all crippled children. And there are more of them than anyone even suspected—an estimated 126 under the age of 21 for every 100,000 population, which would put the figure for Canada at somewhere over 18,000. Many of these are not getting the care and training they should, either because their parents don't understand the nature of the ailment or cannot afford treatment.

The Red Cross Curative Workshop in Windsor is presently handling about 54 cerebral-palsy children a day, along with about 48 polio victims and other crippled children. Some of them are brought in by their parents—one mother brings her boy in about five miles every morning — while the others are picked up and taken back home again by a Red Cross car.

And the good work goes on in the homes, too. To assist parents to help their children the Curative Workshop maintains a Loan Cupboard service stocked with about $600 worth of graduated educational toys—standing tables, stabilizers, posture chairs, crutches, tricycles and other equipment. The loan cupboard is managed by the parents' association—a group of parents of C.P. children who have banded together to help each other to help their children. At regular meetings they discuss the progress they are making, study the latest findings on cerebral palsy and listen to advice from leading experts from the United States and other countries.

VICTORIA'S MAYOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

real thinking in the world nowadays—it's becoming most difficult to think things through—thinking's a lost art. It is regrettable."

His Worship likes to observe wild animals in the woods, but he won't shoot them.

"I never hunt because I've learned too much about animal life to do any animal any harm," he says, quite simply, and as he talks thus you can see he really loves Nature with a quiet helpless devotion but that it's no fetish with him. "However, I have no opinion on people who do hunt—they have their own ideas, I guess, but for me I'd rather leave the animals in the woods."

He likes to fish, however, and spends a great deal of time cruising Coast waters in his 45-foot power boat, the Yonder.

Love of the woods years ago caused Mayor Harrison to give up smoking.

"Once smoked like a Spring rubbish fire," he recalls, "but I soon learned that lighting up, no matter how carefully, can be dangerous to the woods. One tree is worth all the tobacco in the world to me."

Their new Mayor's love of trees and wide-open spaces may give Victorians some badly needed downtown squares where people can sit and snooze in Victoria's famous sunshine and sea breezes.

Harrison was born in Victoria, a son of Judge Eli Harrison of the British Columbia Supreme Court who reached Victoria in 1858 with his parents, after a hectic trip across the U.S. plains in an oxen-drawn covered wagon.

NEWS ABOUT PEOPLE

THE UNIVERSITY of Toronto has a new Governor. He is PHILIP A. C. KETCHUM, Headmaster of Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont. A native of Cobourg, he is a graduate of the U of T and of Cambridge University, and is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts. Three brothers are in the education field too: J. D. KETCHUM, Professor of Psychology, U of T; K. G. B. KETCHUM, Headmaster of St. Andrew's College; HUGH F. KETCHUM, on staff of Lakefield Prep School.

■ Through February and March, craftsmen of NB, NS and Quebec are displaying their work at a handicraft show at Rockefeller Center in New York. Among the many demonstrators who will be present are KJOLD and ERICA DEICHMANN of Saint John, NB, whose pottery is famous; ROLAND GERVAIS, a feminine weaver from Ontario's Madawaska on the Quebec border; wood-turner ALFRED PRINGLE of Santley, NB.

■ Cancer is very much in the recent news. First: The Ontario Cancer Institute has appointed DR. CLIFFORD L. ASH as Director. As the new building in Toronto is still in blueprint stage, Dr. Ash will continue his private practice in the meantime and assist the architects in the plans. A certified radiologist, 43-year-old Dr. Ash graduated from U of Alberta and took his medical course at U of Toronto.

■ A Montreal pathologist, DR. H. TERRY VAN PATTER, has won the $8,000 Allan Blair Memorial Fellowship for 1952-54, established by the Canadian Cancer Society. During his medical course at McGill, following his stint with the Canadian army in World War II, he won a number of prizes; also won first place both in medicine and surgery in examinations by National Board of Medical Examiners (U.S.). At present he is a demonstrator in pathology at McGill; will spend the next two years studying in U.S. and England.

■ And a specialist in cancer research has been appointed to the faculty of Cornell University in the U.S. He is DR. DONALD D. PHILLIPS of Toronto, a 1949 graduate of U of Alberta; with his PhD from U of California.

■ New Presidents: E. R. (Ernie) MCFARLAND of Lethbridge Flying Club becomes President of the Royal Canadian Flying Clubs Association. GEORGE EDWORTHY, President of Calgary Stampede Committee, was elected President of Western Canada Fairs Association and Western Canada Association of Exhibitors.

■ Education Week is being observed throughout Canada next week. In most centres special events have been prepared and citizens are invited to visit local schools.

■ Two aviation awards were awarded last month: The Tudhope Memorial Trophy is intended as encouragement to youthful pilots and is in memory of Pilot Officer W. F. Tudhope, killed in the Battle of Britain. Winner of this year's trophy is 18-year-old Air Cadet ROGER J. NEILL of No. 12 Edmonton Squadron. The other is the Yorath Challenge Trophy, presented by DENNIS K. YORATH of Edmonton, Past President of the Royal Canadian Flying Clubs Association, to recognize outstanding ability and accomplishment of instructor-managers of flying clubs. Winner this year is B. F. E. BALERIE, Manager of the Aero Club of BC.

■ One of Canada's outstanding chemists has been appointed as scientific adviser for special weapons to the Canadian Chiefs of Staff. The special weapons are germ and gas warfare; the new adviser is DR. OTTO MAAS of McGill University. As Director of Chemical Warfare at Army Headquarters in 1941, he coordinated all Canadian research on chemical and flame warfare and smoke.

■ Even if the Cornish horses didn't understand his Canadian accent, EUGENE TIMBERS, 18-year-old truck driver from Milliken, Ont., won first prize in his class in the West of England championship plowing match.

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